THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844

NO. 3996

FEBRUARY 5, 1921

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

FINANCE AND POLITICS IN FRANCE

CABINET changes and other political uncertainties in France, and the renewed insistence of that country upon a vigorous reparation policy are related closely with the growing financial difficulties of the government. *L'Europe Nouvelle* takes a very pessimistic view of the treasury's situation. Taxes recently levied are producing far less than estimated. The deficit in the customs receipts was about thirty million francs in November; the gross turnover business tax showing a deficit of two hundred and fifty-five million francs the same month. It has produced less than one half the estimated revenue since it went into effect the middle of the year. The recent domestic loan has also proved a disappointment. M. Ribot, in an open letter to *Journal des Dèbats*, explains this on the theory that public credit has already been drawn upon to the limit. Even though the Minister of Finance has applied almost coercive measures, particularly to government contractors and public creditors, in order to induce them to accept government bonds in payment of their claims, the total result has been most disappointing. This constantly darkening financial horizon explains not only the eagerness of the country to have the reparation question settled, but also the strong demand for a radical curtailment of public expenditures, especially for the army.

ITALY AND EMIGRATION

THE Italian government is endeavoring to regulate emigration by agreements with Brazil and the United States, the two countries which have hitherto received a large share of Italy's outflowing population. The Brazilian agreement is stated to have been signed already. The Italian press apparently favors these efforts. *Il Giornale d'Italia* comments:

> The pressing thing is to stimulate emigration—if possible, through government channels, but if that cannot be done, by any other means. We ought to get a million and a half laborers out of the country in two years. It is a sad necessity but an imperative one. We shall derive vast advantage from this. It will do much to restore the value of our currency abroad.

This paper estimates that each able-bodied emigrant ought to send back to Italy on an average three thousand lire a year. Half a million Italians have already gone abroad. Two million Italian workers laboring in other countries would send back to

Copyright, 1921, by The Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italy six billions of lire a year — a tremendous contribution toward strengthening the solvency of the country.

FOOD DRAFTS AND DOLLAR EXCHANGE

Vossische Zeitung prints a letter from a German to his brother in America, describing some of the difficulties of the food draft system, from which we quote the following paragraph:

> Your food draft of $10 was naturally most welcome, for it enabled me to obtain more provisions than I could possibly have acquired at one time in any other way. When the draft arrived, a dollar was worth 65 marks (the draft 650 marks); and I figured that I could have bought about the same quantity of food from the smugglers for 450 marks. Early in November the dollar reached 80 marks and more. I figured it out again, and regretted the difference of 350 marks (which I lost by your sending a food draft instead of money) because I could have bought things we urgently need with that sum. It would have paid for warm underclothing for me and a sweater for my little boy. . . . It was even worse with your second gift, and I must confess I never received such a magnificent Christmas present with such disappointment as I did the beautiful typewriter which the American Company delivered to me, commenting on the fact that it had cost $140. With a draft in marks for $140, I could have bought a new German typewriter for 5000 marks, two suits of clothes for 2000 marks each, and in addition to all that, an overcoat for myself, a cloak for my wife, and a comforter for my little boy.

PROHIBITION IN JAPAN

Japanese papers report that after protracted discussions and negotiations all the societies fighting the liquor trade in Japan have united in the 'Japanese National Prohibition League.' *Jiji* says that the pioneer movement in this direction started twenty-five years ago, principally among Christian converts, but that during the war a greater section of the people took up the movement, especially in the great industrial centre of Osaka, whence the new campaign has extended to Tokyo and other cities. According to this paper, the agitation has gained strength from the example of the United States, and measures are being taken to start a large scale propaganda against liquor selling in the Empire.

In this connection it may be noted that, during the era of war prosperity, the consumption of foreign liquors and cheap native-made imitations of foreign liquors is reported to have increased greatly in Japan, especially among industrial workers, to the displacement of *sake* and other traditional native beverages. Drunkenness and chronic alcoholism are not unusual vices in the poorer quarters of Japanese cities.

BRITISH REPORTS ON IRELAND

Most of the documentary material upon Ireland published in England naturally appears in the liberal and radical press, which is opposing the policy of the government in that country. The *New Statesman* publishes extracts from two letters, whose originals its editor claims to have seen. The first is from an Irishman to a friend abroad:

> They so thoroughly raided my place that they left nothing of value which could be removed in several lorries. The amusing thing is (I have reached the stage of seeing the funny side) that my father's clothes were so much better than mine that they took *all* his (countless suits left behind when he went to Australia), while I was only deprived of such items as a dress suit, an overcoat, and some underclothes. . . . Pure looting in fact — two days following — and all 'ex-officers.'

The second letter is from a young officer in the regular army stationed with his regiment in Southern Ireland:

> It's a poor game we're having and we all of us wish we were out of it. We don't get potted at nowadays here, as the people look on us almost as their protectors; but we can't protect them much. The auxiliary Black and Tans seem to contain all the down-and-out scallywags of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old army. They never burn a shop without first emptying the till, and jewelers' shops are their pet quarry. Some of them must have made a hit. They are a disgrace to the country, but we can't stop them without using more force than we're allowed to. We should like martial law because then our chiefs would be in command of the lot.

Meantime, the London *Nation* presents facsimiles of two announcements which appeared in the Cork *Constitution*, which is a Unionist paper. These are as follows:

WARNING TO PEDESTRIANS

We have been requested to publish the following:

IMPORTANT NOTICE

8th Dec., 1920.

We, the undersigned, do now give the male sex of Cork City NOTICE 'which must be adhered to forthwith,' that any person of the said sex who is seen or found loitering at street corners or on the pathways without a reasonable excuse why he should be there, or any man or boy found to be standing or walking with one or both hands in his pockets will, if he does not adhere to this Order, suffer the consequences which, no doubt, will ensue.

(Signed) SECRETARY, of Death or Victory League.

GOD SAVE THE KING,
AND FRUSTRATE HIS ENEMIES

LATEST KIDNAPPING

We have been requested to publish the following notice:

NOTICE

If G. Horgan is not returned by 4 o'clock on Friday, 10th December, Rebels of Cork beware, as one man and one shop shall disappear for each hour after the given time.

(Signed)

B. and T.'s.

ELECTIONS IN YUGOSLAVIA

RECENT reports of Communist outbreaks in Yugoslavia add interest to the results of the first general election in that country since the war, held last December to choose a constitutional convention. In this new body 252 members favored retention of the monarchy, and 122 were advocates of a republic; 297 are believed to support a strong central government, while only 34 are outright champions of a federal constitution. In other words, a two thirds majority will probably be found for a constitution providing for a strong centralized monarchy. On the other hand, there are 58 delegates who favor the secession of Croatia from Serbia. In fact, the former province has apparently become a somewhat unwilling member of the new Yugoslav state.

ECONOMIC NOTES FROM RUSSIA

ISVESTIA of September 30 complains that billions of dollars' worth of furs, including sables, are going to ruin in the fur houses of the Bolshevist government. These include approximately 1,500,000 cheaper skins, 2,400,000 skins of moderate value, and 836,000 of high value. They are being ruined by moths and neglect, partly because an inadequate staff has been assigned to care for them.

The October 10 issue of the same paper, in discussing the inadequacy of the city water supply at Moscow, ascribes the scarcity mainly to the uneconomical use of water and leakage in the houses themselves and the increased consumption for laundry work and washing due to the lack of soap and fuel. It comments significantly: 'The uneconomical use of water is the result of the fact that the payment for water has lost all real meaning.'

Krasnaya Gazeta of September 10 describes the result of an inspection to several metal factories to check up the attendance of workmen. At one factory where the register indicated that 457 mechanics and laborers and 116 clerks were working, the inspectors found only 263 workmen and 83 clerks had reported for duty. In a machine room where 43 had reported, only 24 were found employed. In the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forge room only five of the 14 checked in were at work. In the molding room, 16 out of 39. 'The repair shop got the record; here, instead of the 41 workmen indicated on the slate, two men were wandering around in a tired fashion. The transmission belts were running, but all the work was for nothing, because the power was thrown off the lathes.' Similar conditions were found in other establishments visited. Another official, writing in *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn* of October 31, complains that skilled artisans, who might be very useful in the better equipped works, are stupidly detailed to other employments. He mentions in particular 22 highly skilled men who had been transferred to the food supply service in a distant province, while the men actually employed in the machine shop where they previously worked were forging by hand, apparently because they did not know how to use a hydraulic forge and other up-to-date machinery, which was standing idle. These works had plenty of fuel and a fair supply of raw material. In the *Krasnaya Gazeta* of October 10, still another writer complains that the so-called disciplinary labor courts do not serve their purpose, and that labor truancy is very seldom punished. Perhaps the greatest temptation to truancy is the high profit workers can make by engaging in illegal trade and the practical necessity they are under to supplement by excursions to the country the rations they receive from the government. 'Fishermen, railway men, postmen, and finally workmen in every trade are speculating in salt, fish, caviar, bread, and other provisions.'

Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn of September 30 mentions a new decree, exempting from nationalization household industries not using hired labor, and granting them limited rights to trade in their products on the local market.

Petrograd *Pravda* of September 29 states that between 1911 and 1920 the number of primary schools in Russia was increased from 55,000 to 887,000 (*sic*). More than 5,000,000 children are attending these institutions, though the work of the educational department is hampered by lack of school supplies, of clothing for the children, and of qualified teachers.

Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn, in a series of articles summarized in *Svensk Handelstidning* of November 13, describes transportation conditions in Russia as still very unsatisfactory:

> The locomotive factories at Sarmovo, Kolomna, and Briansk, the iron factory at Vykso, and the wagon factories at Moscow and Tuier employ 32,000 men instead of the 50,000 necessary. The workmen take free time at their own convenience. From a comparison with the pre-war standard of production, it appears that the daily output of each workman now is only equal to one and one half hours' work formerly. Not even the most modest programme can be executed. At the Sarmovo factory, where 8538 workers are employed, it was arranged that, during a period of six months, eight new locomotives and a number of reserve parts should be manufactured, and 30 extensive repairs carried out. Of these, 14 repairs were executed and 80 per cent of the reserve parts completed during July and August, but no locomotives were built. The Kolomna workshops employ 4100 men, and their six months' programme embraced the manufacture of six normal-gauge and 10 narrow-gauge engines, together with 18 cases of repair. During July and August five narrow-gauge engines were built and five repairs carried out. In normal times these factories turned out 30 locomotives a month, while the twelve wagon factories produced home requirements.
>
> The whole Volga naphtha fleet consists of six tugs, 128 iron and 49 wooden barges, and seven wooden skiffs. By way of comparison, a single medium-sized Volga shipping company, which belonged to the above-mentioned Kolomna concern, used to have at its disposal 23 tugs and 234 barges. Up to the beginning of September this year 91,000,000 poods of naphtha products were conveyed by water from Baku to Astrakhan, and this figure must be regarded as considerable, although the corresponding quantity in normal times was double.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PEASANT INTERNATIONAL

PRIME MINISTER STAMBULISKI, the Peasant Party leader of Bulgaria, is reported in the London *Times* to be advocating an *Entente* among the peasant organizations in all countries of Central and Eastern Europe, for the purpose of defending the rights of small agricultural proprietors against Bolshevism on the one hand and reaction on the other. With the extension of universal suffrage the small farming population has become a vastly stronger political factor than hitherto in all those countries — as the proposed or enacted legislation for the compulsory subdivision of large estates indicates. Peasant proprietors who are conservatives in their defense of the principle of private property are, as a rule, hostile or suspicious of the city proletariat, but are radicals in respect to most other legislative demands.

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILES THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

THE manager of the Vauxhall Motor Works, himself a promising racing motorist before the war, has just returned to England from an American tour made for the purpose of inspecting the industry in this country. After commenting that: 'It is a revelation to see able-bodied workmen in America doing repetition work so fast and with such apparent interest,' he expresses the opinion that, 'America has lost the sense of the ideal in its successful search for quantity production.' He says the better classes of American motor-cars lack the simplicity of design and taste in finish which characterize the English product, concluding:

> If we were to take over the manufacture of some of the best-known Transatlantic motor-cars we would simplify the design and do away with many parts. For instance, Vauxhall cars, at the present rate of exchange, are priced in the neighborhood of $4000. Compared with American cars in this price category they will do all U. S. A. products will do, at less expense, with less complication; and they are a perfectly turned-out job. Many American cars of the better class are too heavy, and are extravagant in the use of fuel. I am perplexed over the fuel situation. In our country the high cost of petrol compels economy. Motor design of the future must turn toward more economical motors. If every motor-car — every Ford car, even — was to have its fuel consumption reduced 10 per cent the price of petrol would drop 50 per cent. Automotive engineers will solve the problem. A fuel consumption of between 30 and 40 miles to the gallon is not improbable for the middle size touring car of the future.

MINOR NOTES

A NORWEGIAN paper comments that so long as the present shortage and high prices of oil and coal continue, the sailing ships of that country can be operated profitably upon long voyages. Timber, grain, ore, saltpetre, and coal cargoes from America to Europe and from Australia to Europe are said to yield good returns to sailing vessels.

THE growing interest in scientific agriculture in Great Britain has resulted in the farmers invading its most exclusive centers of classical learning. Agricultural education leading to degrees, diplomas, and appointments is provided at Oxford, Cambridge, the University College of Wales, the University College of North Wales at Newcastle, University College at Reading, the Midland Agricultural and Dairy College at Newport, the Swanley Agricultural College in Kent, and the Southeastern Agricultural College at Wye — quite an array of institutions for a country whose area is but little larger than that of Michigan or Illinois.

THE Dutch Minister of Labor recently introduced three housing bills in Parliament, dealing with rents, un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tenanted dwellings, and related matters. He stated that the government aimed at erecting as many tenements as possible at the lowest cost within the shortest time. It had already advanced 125,000,000 florins ($50,000,000) for this purpose, and contemplated annual grants of twice that amount. The most serious shortage is of middle class houses.

RECENTLY a magistrate in Wellington fined a firm 3000 pounds and an individual merchant 400 pounds for profiteering in New Zealand tweeds. The profits averaged 100 per cent over manufacturers' costs and freight.

ACCORDING to the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the cost of living has risen so much more rapidly than wages in Vienna that a laborer whose weekly wage would buy 120 litres of milk in 1914 will buy only 81 litres of milk to-day. Computed in fresh meat, wages to-day compared with those before the war are in the ratio of seven to eighteen. While the disparity is not so great in case of flour and potatoes, it is still very striking.

AMONG the business disasters which are retarding the recovery of Europe is the failure of the Bank of Barcelona, an old institution established in 1844, with a nominal capital of fifty million pesetas, and deposits and current accounts of eleven times that amount. Its collapse occurred after a run of a fortnight, owing to adverse rumors caused by the fall of prices, chiefly of coffee and cotton. As this was one of the largest financial institutions in the city, other banks have been affected; and the Bank of Spain has granted loans to the amount of two hundred and fifty million pesetas to those institutions.

ACCORDING to statistics printed in *El Sol*, the 389 members of the new Spanish Cortes elected on December 19, are divided among eighteen political parties, in addition to which there is one unclassified, or independent member. The ministerial group, which is the strongest, has 177 representatives; the next strongest party, the democrats, is represented by 38 delegates.

LA DÉMOCRATIE NOUVELLE in discussing radical propaganda among the peasants, says: 'It was the Peasant Federation which rallied with the most enthusiasm to the Bolshevist International at the Tours Socialist Congress. This is a fact not only disquieting for the future, but most difficult to explain.' It is ascribed, however, to an underhand and deceptive propaganda, 'representing communism to the peasants as something very different from the tragic horror of Moscow.'

JAPANESE factories registered under the factory law, dismissed 941,000 persons in round numbers during the first nine months of 1919, and employed during the same period 628,000. This represents a decrease of more than 300,000 in the operative population, and a very large addition to the number of totally unemployed. At the same time, Japanese emigrants are reported to be flocking to South America. One Japanese company has a contract to deliver 20,000 laborers to the coffee plantations of São Paulo, Brazil, where it is said there are already 60,000 Japanese employed. There has also been a heavy increase in Japanese emigration to Argentina.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Anglophile Radical Liberal Daily), *December 15, 1920*]

THE TIDE TURNS

BY KARL ROSNER

[Karl Rosner, a German poet, served during the war as correspondent of the Kaiser's favorite newspaper, the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger*, at the Grand Headquarters of the German army. The following is an extract from his recent book: *Der König. Weg und Wende.*]

THIS time only two carriages hastened through light showers over the gray road to Vervins, La Capelle, and Avesnes. The usual bodyguards, trumpeters, standard bearers, and medical officers remained behind.

In the first carriage were the King, a captain of the General Staff, and the Count; in the second were General Von Plessen, the Royal Aid, and the Surgeon General of the Staff.

The drive seemed endless and was oppressively quiet. At rare intervals the King would speak a couple of hurried words to the gentlemen in the seat behind, and then resume his silence.

Only in the second carriage was there general conversation.

Von Plessen ruminated. For him the most impossible part of the whole incident was the painful predicament in which the reverse put His Majesty. That ought not to have happened! At a moment like this, when such burdens weighed upon His Majesty's prestige, and indeed, upon the prestige of monarchy itself! One need only to read the papers to see what unhappy consequences would ensue. The gentlemen of the General Staff should avoid such incidents, when they were not perfectly sure of their ground; they should not take risks which might undermine loyalty to His Majesty. How they had blundered, by advertising a grand offensive under the very eyes of His Majesty — only to get this setback.

Finally Avesnes! The carriages slackened their pace up the steep road. It is exactly four o'clock when they draw up before the red villa occupied by the Bureau of Operations. A guard is waiting their arrival. As the King mounts the steps before the entrance, Marshal Von Hindenburg comes to meet him — dignified, stately, without haste, without hesitation. Only one cavalry officer, his adjutant and son-in-law, follows him at a considerable distance.

The King stretches out a hand to the General and nods his head vigorously. His lips move but his voice fails him. A thousand conflicting thoughts seize his mind. All the bitterness of the past few tortured days he has stored up till now, brooded over it, carried it with him until he might unfold it all here to Hindenburg. He wants to unburden everything.

'Your Majesty has seen much in these hard days,' says Hindenburg; 'the war has shown a hard face. I am happy to welcome Your Majesty here again, and if Your Majesty commands——?' He glances through the open door.

The King nods. He wants only one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing — to hear, to be alone with Hindenburg and know the truth, to learn how they think matters will develop. He hastens into the villa.

'General Ludendorff arrived two hours ago. I met him at the station and we have had time to review the situation.'

The King wonders whether Ludendorff is remaining in the background out of faint-heartedness and depression, because his plans have proved a failure? Whether his conscience is troubled over his responsibility? Or whether he intends to use the pretext that the King advised only Hindenburg of his intended visit?

He pauses a moment before the green padded door and looks around. A glance at Von Plessen who understands. He, alone, follows the two.

General Ludendorff is seated at a desk poring over papers. He glances up, lets the monocle fall from his eye, rises quickly, and advances toward the King.

The King says, to start conversation: 'You have had a strenuous tour, Excellency.'

The General notices the nuance. 'Excellency!' Ordinarily he is addressed as 'General' — 'my dear General.' Does this mean anger, disgrace? That matters as little to him as a fly buzzing in the distance.

Hindenburg interrupts: 'I believe that Your Majesty may desire first of all our opinion as to how we got into the critical situation in which we are at present.'

The King nods. His eyes close. The Marshal's words are much too slow for his burning impatience. Hindenburg briefly explains the army's plight. The King exclaims: 'The men went back on us?'

Hindenburg meets his gaze quietly and continues: 'We thought that the drafts sent to the divisions in the Watter and Winckler groups, which were fighting southwest of Soissons, would have put up a stronger resistance than they did. The troops gave way and we have lost many prisoners.'

He pauses to ponder for a moment, and resumes his account of the fighting: 'Your Majesty knows that they attacked us with several hundred whiffet tanks. These are apparently a newly perfected type of small, speedy tank which rush behind our lines and convert themselves into machine gun nests. The result was that almost immediately our front lines were broken at several points. The men ahead were fighting and defending themselves as best they could, when suddenly they were taken unawares by the rattle of hostile machine guns in their rear. During the ensuing confusion, the men did not know just what had happened, except that they were surrounded; and they lost their heads. It was not until we brought up supports from the rear and got our second line into action, that we could check the enemy, after heavy sacrifices, and organize a new line. That is the course of events as we now understand them ——'

The King nods, remains silent, tugs at his coat, then asks abruptly, dryly: 'Will the new line hold?'

The Marshal stands four-square, huge, unmoved. 'That really cannot be foretold, Your Majesty. Our line is between the Aisne and the Marne, and a big enemy offensive is before us. It may go on for days. We have certainly got to count on new attacks on a grand scale, and have, as we are discovering more plainly every day, to reckon with at least a dozen fresh assaulting divisions in the enemy's first line. They must have reserves behind those.'

Perturbed and excited, yet eager to appear firm and deliberate, the King

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asks again: 'So we shall retire still farther — give up more ground?' But his voice fails him, and the words escape him ungraciously, almost rudely.

He checks himself carefully and continues: 'I merely beg you to bear in mind, in dealing with this situation, the effect upon the very restive sentiment back home in Germany as well as upon the Allies and the rest of the world. We have to meet increasing criticism and antagonism at home with every day that passes. The significance of this opposition cannot be overestimated — in the interest of the throne.'

Marshal Hindenburg observes with professional calm: 'Certainly, Your Majesty, these things weigh heavily enough upon our hearts. Naturally I am occupied first and foremost with the purely military responsibilities confided to our care and loyalty, with the safety of the army, with accomplishing our military object ——'

A pause ensues.

Turning deliberately to General Ludendorff and then back again to the King, Hindenburg continues: 'Perhaps my comrade —— ?'

'Certainly,' replies the King curtly, suddenly recalling his thoughts. What Hindenburg had told him had not soothed his nerves. He has something more in his mind. He regards Ludendorff alertly, with a defiant light in his eye. Ludendorff clears his throat and stiffens slightly.

'I beg to impress upon Your Majesty that I received news that the enemy had broken our line only this morning, while discussing our new Flanders' offensive. This painful surprise ——'

The King suddenly raises his head and interrupts. 'Then we were all thoroughly taken by surprise?' This short, bitter question flashes out like a challenging thrust. The King is angry and threatening.

But the General continues his first line of thought as if nothing had happened: 'The surprise was not in there being an attack. We expected that from the moment our advance East of Reims was halted, and Marshal Foch had his reserves at his disposal. The surprise was in the failure of our front line, and the extent of the enemy's initial success.'

The General steps over to the chart table, adjusts his monocle, and glancing at the map before him continues: 'The danger in which we are placed by the depth of the enemy's penetration makes it our first task to strengthen the lines at this point — at any cost — against further assault. It is a pivotal position defending the whole Seventh Army, fighting in the Marne elbow. Unless we can feel certain of our Western flank, we cannot undertake further operations around Reims, or withdraw in an orderly way from the South bank of the Marne. So long as we are not in safety at that point, or until we can erect a new front which is safe from the assaults of the enemy, we are not complete masters of the situation and cannot resume the initiative. Here is where we have got to settle things. Here we must decide our further plan of campaign.'

The King listens with distrust and suspicion. One sees the cloven hoof thrust out again. His blood rises. So! Fortify the line, but if that does not succeed, surrender more territory — establish a new front — eventually withdraw from the Marne! The blood rushes to his face! He taps with his foot! Tumultuous passions master him!

A second retreat from the Marne! An unexampled humiliation! And what of the world, which he sees as a circle of evil, spiteful spectators, surrounding the stage on which he has fought and wrestled for his kingdom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for four years? A second and unrecallable check! A new front! But where? The old line on the Aisne? Or the Meuse? And then the Rhine? He sees the end yawning before him, — the black spectre from which he had averted his face, and shut his eyes in horror so many times that day. A fearful vision floats before him — the disorganized, embittered armies streaming homewards — the shock of disappointment to the nation already shattered and crushed by its sacrifices and privations — the rising of unchained agitators — the breaking forth of the millions who have avidly awaited this moment for years!

Summoning all his resolution, in order not to lose his composure, he blurts out at last: 'No! — I trust we shall not give up a single foot of the soil we have won!'

An oppressive silence follows. Hindenburg glances at Ludendorff, who, with firm set mouth, pores over his map. After a few moments his head rises, and disregarding the interruption, he resumes the thread of his explanation.

'We have brought up all the reserves in sight. The Army Group has transferred the Twentieth Division of Infantry by auto trucks from around Ambrief and Chacrise to strengthen our forces at this point. They will be there to-morrow. The Fifth Infantry Division is being hastened up from St. Quentin. These reinforcements will not help us until a later stage of the battle. Up to that time we can only wait and see. Until then everything depends on the troops already engaged. I believe they will hold steady.'

He steps back a little. The King's eyes take a far away expression. Then he suddenly looks the General in the face, saying brusquely: 'Yes, Your Excellency. But this sounds rather different from what we were being told four days ago.'

The thin band which united these two men is broken. The General's face flushes scarlet. But he masters himself, except that his voice is a little harsher and sterner than ever: 'Reverses are part of every war, but if Your Majesty has lost confidence ——'

The King immediately protests. His temperamental eagerness to conciliate any one whom he has offended reasserts itself. In conclusion he exchanges a few further words with Marshal Hindenburg.

Naturally his personal plans are completely changed by this reverse. He decides to remain at Bosmont close to the front until the situation clarifies.

As they leave the room, a young officer is waiting with a paper in his hand to be approved by Ludendorff. It is the text of the evening telegram of the Wolff Bureau. The King takes it from Hindenburg's hands and reads:

BERLIN, OFFICIAL, *July* 18, 1918.
The French attacked with heavy forces and tanks between the Aisne and the Marne and made some gains. Our reserves have been brought into action.

He handed the sheet back without a word. How harmless it sounded. And yet, unless God works a miracle, this is the turning of the tide!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*London Times* (Northcliffe Press), *December 22, 1920*]

M. CAMBON'S FAREWELL

BY A FRIEND

[M. Paul Cambon has ceased to be French Ambassador to the Court of St. James. His career since he went to London from Constantinople twenty-two years ago 'closes one of the most remarkable chapters in the diplomatic history of the present generation.']

M. CAMBON is a living monument of history. He has been the principal moderator, and often the chief director, of Anglo-French relations under three reigns in England, and under a long succession of presidents of the French Republic. Prudent and firm, pertinacious and adaptable, long-sighted, yet tactful and tactical, uniting charm of manner to strength of will, wielding great influence in his own country and scarcely less in ours, Paul Cambon is one of those men who insensibly become institutions while remaining thoroughly human.

Calling recently to bid him farewell, I reminded the Ambassador of our conversations at critical moments before the war and during the war; of one in particular, on the morning of Sunday, August 2, 1914. The news had come in the night of the invasion of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, whose neutrality was guaranteed, singly but not jointly, by five Great Powers.

I had then asked him if he had any news of what England would do. The Luxemburg Treaty lay before him on his table. 'Why ask me?' he had said, almost abruptly. 'There is the treaty. I have just shown it to Sir Edward Grey and put to him the same question you have put to me. What did he answer? Nothing. I do not know whether this evening we shall not have to strike the word "honor" out of the English vocabulary.'

'Did I say that?' asked M. Cambon quickly. 'It was a very stiff thing to say.'

'Yes, M. l'Ambassadeur, you said it, and I, though an Englishman, took no offence at it, for it was a very stiff situation and your responsibility was terrific.'

'Ah!' he continued. 'Those were the only three days of real difficulty in all the years I have spent in London — the first, second, and third of August, 1914. Think what they meant. Your Cabinet had been discussing the European crisis repeatedly. We had relied on the support of three or four ministers. Some of them, but not all, had been influenced by weighty representations from important men in the city in favor of British neutrality. On the morning of Saturday, August 1, there had been another Cabinet meeting. Afterward, I saw Grey, who told me that the government had not been able to decide upon intervention in the war. He spoke very gravely. I replied that I could not and would not tell my government that. "After all that has passed between our two countries," I exclaimed, "after the withdrawal of our forces ten kilometres within our frontier so that German patrols can actually move on our soil without hin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drance, so anxious are we to avoid any appearance of provocation; after the agreement between your naval authorities and ours by which all our naval strength has been concentrated in the Mediterranean so as to release your fleet for concentration in the North Sea, so that if the German Fleet sweeps down the Channel and destroys Calais, Boulogne, and Cherbourg, there can be no resistance, you tell me that your government cannot decide upon intervention? How am I to send such a message? It would fill France with rage and indignation. My people would say you have betrayed us. It is not possible. I cannot send such a message. It is true the agreements between your military and naval authorities and ours have not been ratified by our governments, but there is a moral obligation not to leave us unprotected.'

'I saw Grey again that night and again next morning after the Cabinet meeting, but not until the evening of Sunday, August 2, could he give me the assurance that the British Fleet would protect our unguarded northern coast. I felt that he was with us at heart. I knew that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill were with us, too. But could they carry with them their colleagues, and could they command the support of the House of Commons?'

'You will remember the King's reply to President Poincaré's letter of July 31, M. l'Ambassadeur,' I interrupted, 'with its "correct" but discouraging assurance that "my government will continue to discuss freely and frankly any point which might arise of interest to our two nations with M. Cambon," prefaced by the statement that "as to the attitude of my country, events are changing so rapidly that it is difficult to forecast future developments?' I have heard it whispered that the King afterward called it "my wretched letter." He must have felt it hard to write so guardedly at such a moment.'

'How could his Majesty go beyond his government?' inquired M. Cambon. 'He is the most constitutional of sovereigns not only formally but out of principle. Like his chief ministers, and like Mr. Balfour and Lord Curzon among the Opposition leaders, he was with us at heart, and showed it as soon as he could do so constitutionally. But it was not until Grey spoke in the House of Commons on the afternoon of Monday, August 3, that we could breathe.'

'But surely, M. l'Ambassadeur, the government already knew of the German ultimatum to Belgium and had resolved on war? The decision must have been taken at the second Cabinet meeting on Sunday, August 2?'

'They may have known of the ultimatum,' replied M. Cambon; 'but they did not know of the invasion of Belgium. Besides, powerful influences were still at work for neutrality. The late Lord Rothschild told me that he was called to No. 10 Downing Street while the Cabinet was sitting on the morning of the second. He assured me afterward that he had worked for intervention, but I was not quite reassured.'

'Some people think you were right in not feeling reassured,' I said. 'But was there not, on August 3, a curious episode but for which Grey's speech might have been much more positive than it was? Did not the late Belgian Minister, Count de Lalaing, receive, early in the afternoon of the third, a telegram from his government announcing that the Germans were on Belgian soil? I have heard that he took it to the Foreign Office and asked to see Grey. They told him that Grey was at the House speaking on the crisis. He inquired at what hour Grey would return and went home again with his telegram

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in his pocket. Had he gone to the House and sent the telegram in to Grey, had Grey known that Belgium was actually invaded at the moment when he spoke, how much more direct would his appeal have been! As it was, Grey's speech was largely hypothetical, and it was only by his sincerity and honest moderation that he carried the House with him.'

'Perhaps,' replied the Ambassador. 'Poor Lalaing! He is dead now. God rest his soul! In justice to him you must remember that he had been overwhelmed by the thought of the invasion of the country and by the rush of unwonted business which the crisis brought with it. It was a tremendous situation.'

'After war had been declared, Grey said to me, "You must have thought we were frightfully slow in making up our minds, but I assure you that it could not have been done more quickly. The House of Commons, the country, the Dominions needed to know that we had spared no effort to avert war, and that we had no option but either to ignore our treaty obligations toward Belgium and our moral obligations toward you and thus to dishonor ourselves for ever, or to preserve our honor and fight for our very existence." I, who knew the difficulties, could but agree with him, but the anxiety of those days was nevertheless terrible. And how magnificently your people behaved when their minds were made up!

'How they fought, how they gave, how they threw themselves into the struggle! I can never forget it, my country will never forget it, and the world can never forget it. Our military authorities had sometimes been more sanguine than the facts warranted. General Foch, who, before the war, was at the head of our *Ecole de Guerre*, used to attend manœuvres here and to discuss matters with your leading soldiers. He knew how splendidly General Sir William Robertson and Sir Henry Wilson had worked on the details of an Expeditionary Force. But I had to warn him that there could be no question of sending from this country more than four divisions at first; that, possibly, two more divisions might follow; that in no case would it be prudent to reckon upon the arrival of British forces in France until fifteen days after the outbreak of war. Foch was sceptical but, in the event, my estimate proved to be exactly right.'

'One day, during the Peace Conference at Paris, I went to see Mr. Balfour at the rue Nitot. In the doorway I happened to meet Mr. Lloyd George, who was accompanied by M. Paul Mantoux, the well-known interpreter at all Allied Conferences and at the Peace Conference. Lloyd George laughingly pointed his finger at me and said to Mantoux, "That's the man who dragged England into the war." I replied, "No, my dear Prime Minister, you are the man who made it clear that England would fight." "I?" returned Lloyd George; "how do you make that out?" "Why," I said, "did you not make a famous speech at the Mansion House in 1911 at the moment of the Agadir crisis? Was it not you who announced that England could not be held of no account in the affairs of the world? Did you not then support the just claims of France which Germany had challenged?"

'"Yes," exclaimed the Prime Minister, "and I am not ashamed of it." Indeed, he has no reason to be ashamed of it, nor of his great part in the war; nor has England or the British Empire any reason to be ashamed. Nor have I, on leaving London with the consciousness that I have done, since the moment of my arrival soon after the Fashoda incident, everything I could to promote friendship between my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country and yours and to stimulate their reciprocal comprehension of their indissolubly-linked interests, any reason to be ashamed of what I have tried to do. I can only be thankful.'

'The days after Fashoda must have been almost as difficult as the days just before the war,' I suggested.

'Don't let us talk of Fashoda,' observed M. Cambon. 'There were faults on both sides and, fortunately, things ended less badly than they might have ended. But I remember the sequel well. One of my first tasks was to negotiate with Lord Salisbury the delimitation of our respective boundaries in Northern Africa. The work went quickly and smoothly, for Lord Salisbury knew his own mind. By the spring of 1899 the agreement was signed. Then I suggested to Lord Salisbury that there were several other matters which might be settled in an equally friendly spirit. He shook his head and smiled. "I have the greatest confidence in M. Delcassé," he said, "and also in your present government. But, in a few months' time, they will probably be overturned and their successors will make a point of doing exactly the contrary of what they have done. No, we must wait a bit."

'When Lord Salisbury left the Foreign Office, Lord Landsdowne, who succeeded him, showed greater confidence in the durability of our Cabinets. I told him of my talk with Lord Salisbury and suggested the subjects on which I should have liked to negotiate an agreement. He asked whether he might make a note of them, but I said he need not trouble as I would write him a personal letter enumerating them. This I did and — foolishly — never kept a copy of it. I wish I had, for it would be interesting now. Next evening there was a big dinner at Buckingham Palace. I was placed next to King Edward, who said: "Lansdowne has shown me your letter. It is excellent. You must go on. I have told the Prince of Wales about it. You can discuss it also with him." After dinner, the Prince of Wales, now King George, spoke to me eagerly of the letter, and said what a good thing it would be if we could have a general agreement. He wanted to know when it would be concluded. I told him that we could not go quite so fast as he might wish, but that, with patience and good will, it ought to be possible. Thus began the conversations which led, in April 1904, to the conclusion of the Entente Cordiale.

'Of course, King Edward helped immensely. His visit to Paris in the spring of 1903 really made it possible. The visit was his own idea and was undertaken on his own initiative. He went on a cruise in the Mediterranean after paying the first of his visits of Accession to his friend King Carlos of Portugal. One day Lord Lansdowne told me that on the way back from the Mediterranean the King wished to stay in Paris. I asked whether it would be an official visit, and said that, however unofficial it might be, the President of the Republic would at least have to ask the King to dinner. Lord Lansdowne thought it would be quite an informal affair, and showed some apprehension as to the way in which the King would be received.

'France, like the rest of Europe, had been strongly in favor of the Boers, and it was not pleasant to think that a Sovereign who was well disposed toward France might be received with cries of "Vivent les Boërs!" I informed my government, and Lord Monson, then British Ambassador in Paris, was not a little astonished to receive an inquiry from the Quai d'Orsay as to how the King would wish to be received. He telegraphed to King Edward, who answered that he wanted to be re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceived as officially as possible, and that the more honors were paid to him the better it would be. So I went to Paris to help in arranging matters.

'Before Lord Monson started to meet the King on his way up to Paris I suggested that he should advise the King to make a little speech at the first opportunity and to say how much he had always felt at home in Paris. When the King arrived at the Bois de Boulogne station the crowd was curious and respectful but a trifle cold; but, after the King had received the Chamber of Commerce and had made his speech, the whole atmosphere changed. He won the hearts of the Parisians in a day. It is true that one small group outside the Comédie Française cried, "Vivent les Boërs!" but that was all, and the King did not mind. He was a big man with a big heart and a great gift of imagination and sympathy. Without him the Entente might never have been made — and the world today might be at the feet of Germany.'

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Anglophile Radical Liberal Daily), *December 4 and 9*]

'G. Q. G.'

II

JOFFRE'S successor was General Nivelle whose appointment proved a tragedy to the French nation, and whom his fellow-countrymen have nicknamed 'the blood drinker' — *le buveur de sang* — on account of the frightful and useless slaughter for which he was responsible. However, the French people themselves are not entirely guiltless of this sea of blood. They were weary, as we have said, of a war of attrition. In this section of his book, which the author has entitled 'The Tragic Adventure of General Nivelle,' he says: 'The prolongation of the war had become unendurable. General Nivelle, enormous as his responsibility may be, appreciated this instinctive impulse, this intoxication of the French with an idea. Their nerves would not tolerate longer delay. They expected a miracle. They demanded that this intolerable burden be taken from their shoulders at any price.' So General Nivelle assumed the supreme command for the declared purpose of starting an offensive which should break through the enemy front as his countrymen demanded. His career had been a remarkable one. Beginning the war as a colonel of artillery, he found himself two and one half years later at the head of the whole French army.

His first measure was to transfer the grand headquarters from Chantilly to Beauvais. There was no military reason for this. Parliament, however, demanded the change. An idea had got abroad in the lobbies of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate that the headquarters staff at Chantilly was leading a wordly life. A speech by Senator Gervais, who demanded the removal of the headquarters from that town as a 'matter of moral dignity,' determined General Nivelle, who feared the enmity of Parliament more than anything else, to shift his quarters to Beauvais. There was no rational motive which could be discovered for selecting that particular point. Beauvais lies only twenty-five miles from Chantilly, in the same department, and somewhat farther from the battle area. The transfer proved a difficult matter and caused much confusion.

General Nivelle prepared plans at Beauvais for his offensive, but these preparations were checked for the time being by Hindenburg's great retreat. The Commander-in-chief and the whole Third Bureau absolutely refused to believe that this retreat was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occurring. 'People at Headquarters lived in an atmosphere of illusion, which rendered all their measures for the future useless.' It was not until March 15 that the evidence of facts became too convincing to be longer denied. 'Utter consternation reigned in General Nivelle's entourage. You saw only gloomy countenances. The carefully prepared plans for an offensive were useless and out of date.' When reports came in of the destruction wrought by the Germans on their retreat sentiment swung around. The author says: 'It was at once seen what advantage we should derive from such a stupid and tremendous act of vandalism. Photographers were sent to take pictures of the ruined country, particularly of the cut down fruit trees. Headquarters supplied these to the French press, in order to revive indignation and hatred against Germany.'

General Nivelle was still intent upon an offensive, and started his preparations over again. The moving spirit of this whole enterprise was a Lieutenant Colonel d'Alenson. If the author's account is accurate, that officer, who was a fanatic on this subject, is largely responsible for General Nivelle's disaster. He would listen to no objections or arguments; was possessed of an immense opinion of the great rôle he was playing; trusted his star to the verge of madness, and had the faith of a religious fanatic in the great enterprise he was promoting. As illustrating the man's lack of balance, Jean de Pierrefeu relates a conversation between d'Alenson and an officer of the Third Bureau, shortly before the offensive started. 'And if we don't succeed?' asked the officer. 'What then?' D'Alenson replied: 'If we don't succeed others will take our place.'

Even the Third Bureau began to question the advisability of the offensive. Its chief, Colonel Renouart, addressed a letter to General Nivelle disclaiming all responsibility. This letter was never answered, and it was later discovered that it had disappeared from the official files.

General Nivelle started his offensive in spite of dissuasion and in face of fearful weather, which alone should have been enough to prevent his undertaking. The author tells us that on the very first day, when he went to the Third Bureau to get returns from the General Staff, he encountered the silence peculiar to periods of disaster. The first favorable notices of initial success were transmitted to the press, which at once began to raise a great shout of victory. Almost immediately, however, less favorable dispatches reached Headquarters. By the second day it was evident that the German army had adopted new methods of counter attack which were unfamiliar to the French troops. Consternation reigned in the Third Bureau. The newspapers, unable to obtain material from Headquarters to support their claims of victory, suddenly swung round, and the very next day after their premature jubilation they commented bitterly upon the failure. And indeed General Nivelle's great attack had proved already a disaster.

That officer saw at once that he was done for as a great military leader; but he made several efforts to escape responsibility by shifting the blame to others. Among the men selected as a scapegoat was General Michelet. The commander-in-chief suddenly presented himself at that General's headquarters. The latter at once understood his object, and before receiving him opened every window in the room where the interview was to occur, so that his aids could hear all that was said. There was a fearful scene between the two Generals. At its con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clusion Michelet shouted at Nivelle: 'General, your intentions are infamous. You are trying to make me responsible for your own blunders, although I have constantly warned you against them. Do you know what that amounts to? That is what men call cowardice.' General Nivelle rushed out of the room, got into his auto staggering like a drunken man, and departed without another word.

His fate was already sealed. He had to resign. 'His departure occurred in utter silence. Seldom has a commander disappeared from the stage amidst such universal indifference.' His successor was General Pétain, who had won the Battle of Verdun and was regarded as the ablest strategist among French officers. Both the army and the nation were unanimous in demanding that he be raised to the supreme command.

Thus General Pétain became the third and last commander-in-chief of the French army, though naturally he was subordinate to Foch, the supreme head of all the Allied forces. Jean de Pierrefeu draws an enthusiastic picture of Pétain. 'He is a thinker, a sage, and at the same time a leader of men. . . . The first time I saw him, he reminded me of the statue of a Roman senator in some museum.'

Pétain was at once faced by a problem of the utmost seriousness — the widespread mutinies in the French army. Vague rumors of their occurrence reached Germany during the war. We now learn for the first time how extensive they were and how seriously they imperiled the whole French campaign. 'Suddenly, early in July 1917, most alarming reports reached grand headquarters. A regiment ordered to advance to the front line sent a delegation to its colonel to inform him that the men refused obedience. Identical incidents occurred simultaneously in other combatant units. At one point the mutineers entrenched themselves in a village, organized a soviet, appointed their own leaders, and set up a kind of independent government. Their delegates submitted to their officers the following terms: higher pay, regular furloughs, and assurance that no more attacks would be ordered until the enemy trenches and barbed wire entanglements had been completely destroyed. At another point, a general was received with curses and insults and fired upon. At still another point, a regiment started to march on Paris with automobile trucks armed with machine guns. This regiment was stopped as it was on the point of setting out.

The soldiers declared that they planned to march to the Chamber of Deputies and present their demands directly to that body. All these mutineers kept shouting: 'Down with the war!' 'Down with our incompetent commanders!' and displaying red flags. The revolt was perfectly organized and orderly, as if every man were obeying strict commands. No blood was shed. While the soldiers refused obedience to their officers, they were respectful to them except in certain instances. The soldiers told their commanders: 'You have fought side by side with us. We shall not harm you, but we have had enough. The war must stop!' These mutinies occurred simultaneously in sixteen army corps.

Naturally, the officers of the staff put all the blame on 'infamous political agitators.' Their attitude was precisely like that of many German officers toward the German revolution. There was the same blindness to the true causes. The real reason why the soldiers mutinied is stated plainly by Jean de Pierrefeu. It was the same as in Germany, the unendurable protraction of the war and the shaken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

confidence of the soldiers in their leaders. That confidence had been destroyed by the unsuccessful offensive of General Nivelle. Apparently General Pétain understood perfectly what caused the mutinies and acted accordingly. He went to the front personally and devoted a whole month to visiting all the ninety divisions. He talked with officers and also with the private soldiers at every point along the battle line; he promised the men personally to consider every justified complaint, and to remedy the evils against which they protested. He thus succeeded within four weeks in restoring the confidence of the soldiers in their commanders. By the end of that period, every indication of mutiny had vanished. Very few men were punished. Only ten were executed in all.

After this danger had been exorcised, General Pétain began a thorough-going reform in the general staff. He made numerous changes in personnel, and the whole method of managing the campaign was gone over and improved. First and foremost, General Pétain made a careful study of the new German tactics, which had brought the recent disaster upon the French army, and adopted them himself. These investigations covered shock troops, field-entrenchments, counter attacks in successive waves, and Ludendorff's elastic defense. It was another instance which shows that in modern warfare, the best teacher is the enemy commander. There is ample historical evidence of this. Napoleon was ultimately defeated by his ablest pupil, Gneisenau. During the great conflict just terminated, every commander was continually taking lessons from his opponents. The war lasted so long that there was plenty of time for each side to master the strategy and tactics of the other side. Thus the temporary technical superiority of either was only temporary, and a war like the last one could not be won by strategic genius alone. Its outcome depended on economic resources. The rest of the world realized this long before it was evident to our German generals.

General Pétain was the first commander-in-chief to recognize the value of tanks as offensive weapons in trench warfare, and to develop them to the utmost possible limits. This task was entrusted mainly to General Etienne, the great French artillery commander. The latter abhorred the word 'tank' and insisted that these instruments be called by their French name, *char d'assaut*. That hypernational officer would not permit a foreign term in the French language, even if it came from an Allied country.

This reorganization of the General Staff and of the French plan of campaign lasted five months. A few test operations used to try out the new methods proved satisfactory. This was particularly true of the Battle at Malmaison, by which the French recovered the whole defensive line of *Chemin-des-Dames*.

In November, the English started their great offensive toward Cambrai. This was the first battle in which tanks were extensively employed. It was planned to surprise the Germans. The Allies had learned from their opponents to accomplish this by refraining from artillery preparation. For the first time an effort was made to substitute tanks for heavy guns. The English waited for a cloudy morning and when ideal weather conditions arrived, on November 20, four hundred tanks suddenly advanced against a limited section of the German front, which was naturally broken by this frightful and unexpected shock. Immediately, Pétain advanced with his French reserves, which were ready

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to support the English. 'Unhappily,' relates Jean de Pierrefeu, 'our Allies were too slow. They were astonished by their own success. That evening, their exhausted troops neglected to organize carefully enough their captured possessions.' Violent German counter attacks followed. The author continues: 'The enterprise narrowly escaped turning into a disaster. The English offensive was changed to a German offensive; and our Allies succeeded only with great difficulty in preventing their troops from being cut off from the rest of the front and in withdrawing them to safety.'

Two conflicting theories were struggling for mastery in the strategy of the Entente: the theory of vigorous offensives, and the theory of economizing to the utmost human resources. Most of the French General Staff, according to our informant, rejected the latter theory. It is natural that professional military men should be impatient of economy of any kind. 'They are gamblers and are as prodigal of human life as gamblers are of gold. Paralleling the statement of the younger Dumas that business is spending other people's money, we might say of military art that it is spending other people's lives.'

The English also were advocates of a vigorous offensive policy, and consequently during the whole summer of 1917, they kept throwing themselves against the German front. Thereby they lost 400,000 men, and they had no recruits in their replacement stations to take their place. Just before this, General Nivelle had fearfully decimated the French army by his offensive. 'Up to this time,' writes Jean de Pierrefeu, 'we had cherished the idea that we were numerically vastly superior to the enemy. Suddenly opinion veered completely around, and we heard nothing but our inferiority in man power. By the end of 1917, our recruiting depots were empty, and French and English alike were at the end of their human resources. While the Germans had 256 divisions on their Western and Eastern front, we and the English together had only 200 divisions.' At this period of the war, French headquarters expected a peace overture from Germany. The author says: 'Many officers believed that the enemy would take advantage of the excellent opportunity offered by the fact that Russia was now absolutely at Germany's mercy, to seek an honorable peace rather than to waste the country's resources further. In view of its superiority at that time, Germany could not be charged with seeking peace from weakness. It could more than compensate for any possible concessions in the West by gains in the East. Would our own peoples have rejected a conciliatory proposal which yielded part of the Allied demands, and a rejection of which by our governments would only inspire Germany with greater determination than ever to fight to the bitter end? On the other hand, would not our enemies, if they were reasonable, prefer such a solution to the uncertainty of longer fighting, and to the growing misery of their country, realizing as they did that to continue hostilities meant the loss of hundreds of thousands of soldiers? The longer the anticipated German offensive was deferred, the stronger this conviction in France became. And indeed, if Germany had had a government worthy of the name, it would not have omitted such an opportunity to end the war with credit and glory.'

However, there was another clique at headquarters, particularly in the Third or Operations Bureau, which took the opposite view. It insisted:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'The Germans will inevitably attack. They are first, last, and all the time, soldiers; and soldiers rule Germany. Never will an army commander with such a military machine in his hands be able to resist the impulse to employ it.'

As it turned out, the officers of the Third Bureau judged rightly their German colleagues. The great offensive of 1918 started. We find in the succeeding pages how widespread was the expectation in the French General Staff, early in 1918, that Germany would end the war by a peace of understanding. But our German military party prevented every effort in that direction, and insisted upon an offensive which ended with our utter defeat. The disaster has occurred and can never be repaired. But will the German nation at least learn a lesson from its experience? Will it engrave upon its heart for all time the truth, that every nation makes itself gratuitously the artificer of its own misfortunes, whenever it entrusts army men with political authority? No matter how able and eminent officers may be in their specialty, the qualities which go with military training and those which go with statesmanship are so opposite, so incompatible, that a good military man can hardly ever be a good statesman and the reverse. In all history, there are but two great men who united these qualities: Julius Cæsar and Napoleon I. But the political system of Napoleon I did not endure, because the military side of his mind overbalanced his statesmanship.

The German military party not only prevented a reasonable peace, but they brought America into the war by starting their unlimited submarine campaign. Jean de Pierrefeu pictures in dramatic language the arrival of the Americans in Europe, bringing salvation for France and the Entente.

Germany's offensive in the spring of 1918 had begun, and secured important initial successes. The French headquarters viewed the situation with the utmost alarm. This reached a climax when it was seen that the Germans planned to assault the *Chemin-des-Dames*. For Marshal Foch regarded it his primary task, to which everything else must give place, to prevent the Germans from separating the French and English armies. Consequently, he had massed all his reserves in Flanders, behind the junction of the two lines. When the German troops took *Chemin-des-Dames*, on May 27, and crossed the Aisne, there were scarcely any reserves behind that section of the front. Reinforcements were brought with all possible speed from Flanders; but before the first arrived, Jean de Pierrefeu tells us there was a brief interval 'during which there were no forces in front of the enemy.' A few days later, when the German troops had captured Chateau Thierry, the French General Staff, which at that time was located in Provins, feared a direct attack on the headquarters themselves. That town was only thirty miles from Chateau Thierry, and if German armored cars had undertaken a raid against the Grand French Headquarters, they would have found the road to them undefended. There were no troops between the Germans and the brain centre of the French army. With feverish speed, every possible obstruction was thrown up along the intervening highway.

A flash of light is thrown upon the relations among the Allies by the statement of the author that the French defeats in the beginning of the German offensive were received by the English and Italian Missions at Grand Headquarters 'almost with satisfaction.' It is clear that the English and Italians had been obliged to endure many un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasant comments from the French, on account of their own failures, and consequently rather enjoyed having the tables turned.

At the very moment when the crisis was most acute, the Americans arrived. 'Just at this instant, a perfect cloud of Americans swept over the country; endless columns of them packed every road, hastening in the direction of Coulommiers and Meaux. They were crowded as close as possible on immense auto trucks, perched in all sorts of grotesque positions, bare-headed, with their shirts open at the throat. They roared out the songs of their country at the top of their voices, while the people along the way greeted them with indescribable enthusiasm. The sight of these splendid youths from across the ocean, these smooth shaven twenty-year old youngsters with their spick-span new equipment, their vigor, and their health wrought a miraculous change in our feelings. They formed a remarkable contrast to our regiments, clad in their tattered, faded uniforms, weathered by long campaigns, and to our hollow eyed, emaciated soldiers, reduced to mere bundles of nerves and kept going only by the fire which burned within them. We felt as if we were witnessing the magic effect of a transfusion of blood. It was as though life and vigor were flowing in warm waves through the exhausted body of France, weakened by its countless wounds; and in those days of heaviest trial, when the enemy stood again on the banks of the Marne and fancied that we had lost all hope, the hearts of the French were filled with a confidence which it is impossible for me to describe.'

The nation was intoxicated with joy and General Pétain was well content. He seemed to draw new strength and new hope from the sight of the Americans and said: 'The amalgamation of the two armies will be complete. It is a matter of only a few days. Then we shall have nothing more to fear. If we can hold out until the end of June, we shall be in a splendid situation. In July, we shall have the upper hand. Then victory is ours.'

Unhappily for us, General Pétain was right.

[*La Stampa* (Turin Giolitti Daily), *November 29, 1920*]

THREE MONTHS IN BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA. II

BY E. COLOMBINO

ARRIVING at Moscow I found food conditions very serious and the system of food control and distribution exceedingly imperfect. A forgery of more than 400,000 food cards had been discovered a few days before. Manufacturing conditions in this city present little of interest. There are, it is true, some 40,000 metal workers — do not be surprised at the number — but they are scattered in hundreds of little workshops many of which have not yet been nationalized. The most important establishments are an automobile factory with 1000 employees, engaged entirely on repair work, and shops for repairing aeroplanes which employ 700 workers.

In 1906 there were in the City of Moscow and immediate vicinity 156 factories; this number had risen to 164 at the outbreak of the war, and by 1919 had fallen to 91. The population of Moscow is about 2,000,000, of whom in round numbers 30,000 are unemployed; 18,000 are invalids, and others dependent upon public support; 781,000 are dependent members of families; 203,000 are clerks of the soviet government; 105,000 are employed in manufacturing and 104,000 upon railways — including repair work and construction; 93,000 are engaged

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in private manufacture and commerce; 67,000 are engaged in personal service; 59,000 are independent artisans; 40,000 are brain workers; 19,000 are private clerical employees; and 18,000 are engaged in miscellaneous occupations. Wages are somewhat lower than in Petrograd, where the cost of living is highest in Russia. For every 150 rubles of wages paid in Petrograd, 100 are paid in Moscow and 80 in Tula. The Commissioner of Labor gave me some interesting data regarding food conditions. A manual worker should have 108,000 calories a month to keep in normal physical condition. The actual number of calories distributed as rations by the government in 1918 and 1919 varied from less than 11,000 to a maximum of about 26,500 a month. From the same source I learned that the increase of prices since 1914 was 116,000 per cent for flour, 114,000 per cent for bread, 72,000 per cent for cheese, 43,000 per cent for potatoes, 180,000 per cent for meat, and 140,000 per cent for milk. Some office chiefs of whom I inquired told me it took 200,000 rubles a month to live, and their salaries were only 20,000 to 30,000. When I asked them how they lived, they said they 'managed.' This meant working overtime, receiving bribes, and now and then selling a piece of furniture or some other bit of family property.

I personally interrogated the pedlers and other clandestine merchants regarding the prices of the goods they handled. In Moscow, as in Petrograd, these people operate regularly in the open streets, and are even bolder than in the former city. These are some of the prices quoted me in rubles: a paper of pins 200, a skein of yarn 700, an old hat 6000; worn top-boots 25,000; worn shoes 12,000; second-hand iron bed 30,000; second-hand umbrella 3500; new umbrella 20,000; an old rug 25,000; a card of buttons 3000; cotton socks 300; silk socks 8000; collars 300; shirts 4000; a suit of clothes 100,000 to 150,000. The food prices given me — also in rubles — were: herrings 500 to 700, a young live pig 35,000, eggs 120 to 150 a piece; the price in rubles per pound for the following articles of food was: strawberries 600, black bread 450, white bread 1200 to 1500, meat 800, potato flour 850, old potatoes 140, new potatoes 400, chickens 4000, salt 2500. Butter sold for 6000 rubles a kilogram and sugar for 3000 rubles for 420 grams.

Kamaneff himself told me that it was impossible to prohibit secret trading, because the government could not furnish the people sufficient food to support life or sufficient garments to clothe them. Moscow consumes 45,000 poods of grain a day and has only 30,000 poods to distribute. The other 15,000 are procured from peasants who sell their surplus grain. The country people are so well supplied with paper money that they will not exchange their produce for it but demand something in barter. The city people seem apathetic and indifferent. They suggest to an Italian our own southerners. Whenever you make any comment on the situation, they invariably reply: *Nichevo!* (No matter!) It is hard to say whether this indifference is due to a sort of Asiatic fatalism peculiar to the Russians, to aversion for the government, or to undernourishment, suffering, and grief. Time has no value. It is regarded like space, as something infinite. People pay no regard to hours, days, or years. I found myself getting out of the habit of regular times for eating or for working. Sometimes people here labor all night and sleep all day. The country is going to ruin. To take a lively interest in work is regarded as a lapse into bourgeois habits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After what I had seen and felt in Petrograd and Moscow, I was really in a position to form an opinion of the new political and economic system set up in the soviet Republic so far as that system itself was concerned; but I considered it my duty to find out how far it had penetrated into Russia proper. Moscow and Petrograd are large cities, very different from the rest of Russia. I wanted to know how extensively the programmes and decrees of the government were applied and approved elsewhere. I wanted to see the thing in operation at different points, to live for a short time in smaller towns, to verify what truth there was in the divergent reports of the Bolsheviki and the Mensheviki; for I talked over the whole situation at length with the leaders of both parties. So I resolved to go to the country among the peasants, and see for myself how they had settled their great land question. I resolved to learn from personal inspection what the relations between the Central Government and local authorities were in practice. In a word, I wanted to see the inside of conditions in this great country. So I took advantage of an opportunity to make a journey down the Volga, the largest river in Russia, flowing from north to south, and navigable for considerably more than 2000 miles. We joined a party of delegates who had come to Moscow from all parts of the world to attend the Third International Congress. They were a picturesque group of people in all sorts of costumes and talking all sorts of languages. We were given a special train as far as Nizhni Novgorod, where a steamer was waiting to take us further on our long journey. There was a time when Nizhni Novgorod was an important commercial centre. Its magnificent annual fair and its merchants were famous. All this has disappeared. Its fine shops are closed. Its halls of business are silent. The city, reclining on a hillside sloping toward the Volga, resembles other Russian towns. As elsewhere the ordinary public services have ceased, and the city is desolate, although the number of inhabitants is larger than ever on account of the refugees who have come here from Moscow and other places where food is scarce.

A short distance from Nizhni Novgorod is Sormovo, a place famous for its great boatyards, where in old days, practically all the river fleet of the Volga was constructed or repaired. A short trip in a row boat brought us to this point. We entered the great shops where 12,000 men are even now employed, and spent several hours in close inspection of all that was to be seen. These shipyards are complete in every respect, from their steel works to their mills for rolling sheets and drawing wire. They were completely self-sufficient — able to produce within their own boundaries everything required to complete a large vessel. Today the steel furnaces, the rolling mills, and the ways are shut down. The only parts of the works that are still going are the wood working shops and the boiler shops, which are engaged in repairing railway rolling stock. I also saw a tank in process of construction. The amount of work being done failed to justify the employment of so many workers. The latter were, indeed, an imposing spectacle when they were called together for a public meeting inside the shops. After several addresses had been made by gentlemen who spoke with fervor and eloquence, a song was started. Only a few muffled voices took up the air; only a few hands were raised from the great crowd to vote the usual resolution passed on the occasion of our visit. This sea of pallid, emaciated faces impressed me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so tragically with its picture of starvation — of starvation which stood there to perform a service of politeness — that when I left the works my heart was melted with pity and tears of sympathy moistened my eyes. What suffering! What sacrifices! What misery!

Returning to the city wharves, we embarked toward evening for our long voyage. It was a magnificent night. The Volga rolled majestically on its way, its gloomy surface reflecting the glow of the evening sky, which seemed hardly to have departed when the first blush of the dawn appeared in the East. The next day we tied up at a small village called Ilienka. It has 250 inhabitants — alternately fishermen and peasants. Of these 250, about 150 men and women are voters. The local soviet has three members; but all important measures are decided at a town meeting, where the women are in a large majority. The soviet form of government fits in perfectly with the customs and character of these peasants. It is a real people's government. I bombarded a group of these peasants with inquiries, and their replies gave me a vivid idea of soviet government in a rural community. Each village appoints a representative to the soviet of the *volosk*, which is a group of several villages; and twelve *volosks* form a district, which is the smallest administrative unit. This little village where we were stopping had a small library and a school. There is a hospital or dispensary for each village group or *volosk*. All products traded in openly are very expensive. A glass of milk costs 200 rubles. However, the country people do not complain of lack of food so much as lack of clothing, shoes, and implements. They pointed with expressive gestures to their ragged garments several years old. They have not even thread and needles to mend them.

Our second stop was at Chebovara, a little township, capital of the autonomous though diminutive republic called Chiuvask. This republic consists of 940,000 inhabitants of Tartar and Finnish descent. It is governed by the same laws as greater Russia; its autonomy being preserved solely for linguistic reasons. However, the people are slowly becoming identified with the Russians.

Throughout this country both the first and the second revolution occurred peaceably. The old officers were put out and new ones installed in their place. The big estates were exappropriated and distributed to the small land holders. Five agricultural communes, each containing thirty-two families, and twenty-two coöperative societies have been organized, the members of which are engaged in truck gardening. It is a long established custom here to hold the land in common, and the effect of recent changes has been merely to extend an existing form of tenure. Experts and managers have been sent out from the towns to direct these enterprises. There is an abundance of land for everyone. People complain of lack of clothing, manufacturers of every kind, sugar, and salt.

After twenty-four hours of uninterrupted journeying we arrived at Kazan, the capital of the Tartar Republic of the same name. We had scarcely gone ashore before we stumbled upon a merchant running a sort of improvised shop on wheels. His merchandise was suited to his Tartar customers — glaring, inharmonious colors characterized his wares which were for the most part peculiar to the country. A pair of sandals cost 6000 rubles, a pair of Tartar boots 16,000. The price of twelve picture postal cards was 650 rubles. The city of Kazan itself is something over a mile from the landing. It is an important place, but fal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

len into complete neglect and ruin. We were favored with the inevitable military review in the principal square. The soldiers seemed to be well disciplined and equipped. One squadron of cavalry consisted entirely of Hungarian volunteers. The commander in charge of this troop was formerly a workman in a bleachery. His face was as hard and stern as that of a professional soldier; his commands were terse and sharp; his language was vigorous but correct. First of all the soldiers talked to us; then representatives of different nationalities living in the city. At the end of his speech, each orator was tossed in the air by a group of excited Cossack admirers. This is the way they show their enthusiasm and their joy at our visit. It would be a funny sight, if we were not in constant fear that someone would get his neck broken. We return to our steamer and resume our journey through a country much like that of Central Africa. Fine sand and a torrid sun make the land a desert. At rare intervals we pass an isolated village, consisting of reed huts like those I have seen among the African natives. We also pass enormous rafts of timber, real floating villages, and likewise great fleets of petroleum carriers.

We interrupt our journey to visit an important mine at Schilz. It was recently discovered and already 450 men are working here. They labor eight hours a day, including Sunday, for which they receive double pay. Their wages range from 250 to 500 rubles a day. The food is very poor. The mine produces fuel oil, bitumen, tar, and five per cent of gasoline. We took a little trip into the interior to visit a Tartar village. The people there treated us to a strange beverage distilled from fermented bread. There are no graded roads in this part of Russia, but mere cart trails, a journey over which in a vehicle is more novel than comfortable. The people are in a very primitive stage of civilization. On hot summer nights they sleep half naked on the banks of the Volga, and in the winter crowd on top of the stoves, which are almost the only object of furniture in their cabins. One morning, we reached a village where the people were just getting up and making their toilets. A little water dashed in their eyes at the doorway of their cabins, and a few minutes assiduous attention to the vermin which covered their bodies, sufficed to satisfy their own demands for cleanliness and the bidding of the Koran.

We reached Simbirsk toward evening. The town is situated on a hill overlooking the Volga and was an important commercial centre of 150,000 inhabitants. Interspersed with modern buildings are many little cabins suggesting Swiss chalets. As elsewhere in Russia the pavements were in a state of ruin. We attended a great mass meeting that evening, and drove madly through the town in a carriage before returning to the steamer. We arrived at Samara at noon on the sixth of July. Before reaching the landing, we passed many fine residences along the shore, formerly owned by wealthy noblemen but now confiscated by the soviet and used as homes for hundreds of workers' children. These are splendid institutions where the little ones are cared for and receive an education. They were acquired by the workers in exchange for a few musket shots.

Samara is a town of little wooden cabins sprawling over a vast prairie, with 700,000 inhabitants including some 70,000 workingmen. It is a provincial capital and an agricultural market town of great importance, where the headquarters of the tran-Siberian Railway are established. There is little manufacturing but much

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trading in grain. I visited the vast elevators but found them empty. We visited a farm community where great quantities of potatoes are being raised and distilled into 93 degree spirits. The crop is less than half what we are accustomed to in Italy for an equal area. Here, too, we were greeted by a mass meeting, where the principal speakers were volunteers about to leave for the Polish front.

Before continuing our journey, we visited a group of cottages hidden in the trees on the banks of the Volga, now used as a home for proletarian children. Hundreds of them greeted us with red banners. A little boy twelve years old delivered the address of welcome. We spent a whole evening with these children. It was an occasion which will always remain engraved upon my memory. The little people entertained us with music, dances, songs, and refreshments consisting of fruit, tea, and milk.

Resuming our journey, we passed Volsk, a town distinguished by its tidy, well-built houses. It has some 15,000 inhabitants and is a centre for the manufacture of Portland cement, an industry now at a standstill from lack of transportation.

Toward seven in the evening, we finally reached Marxstadt, formerly Baronstadt, the capital of a famous German colony of some 600,000 people, who still speak the language of the country from which their ancestors originally came. This colony was founded 160 years ago by Catherine II and now extends from the Volga to the Black Sea. You at once observe that you are among a different people, not only by the language, but by the aspect of the towns, which are orderly, well-kept, with bright flower gardens and yards, white curtains at the windows, and everything spick-and-span and shiny. We found a printing office which publishes a German paper of 6000 circulation. The town has something less than 20,000 inhabitants, of whom 1000 are Communists. There is a fine library excellently housed. In the evening, we attended a mass meeting with an unusually large and attentive audience.

Shortly before the revolution of 1917, the Tsar threatened to turn over the land owned by the Germans to his Russian subjects, but Kerensky's government held up this measure. When the Bolsheviki gained power, they granted the German settlers the right of self-government, in particular permitting them to retain the German language in their schools and business transactions. The colony consists of 22 districts, each composed of from 60 to 80 villages. The latter send 425 delegates, of whom 45 are Communists, to the Departmental Congress. The settlers are well-pleased with the new government, because it has enabled them to extend their land holdings. At the last election, there was no opposition ticket in the field. During the current year, they have delivered to the central authorities 9,000,000 poods (more than 4,500,000 bushels) of grain.

The average crop is about seven and one half hundredweight a hectare, or about one third what it is in Northern Italy. In spite of the employment of some modern machinery, the methods of cultivation are primitive; and prices in private trade are almost as high as at Moscow.

A few metal workers employed in repairing implements and machinery belong to the petty bourgeoisie. They earn 500 rubles a day, own a piece of land, and keep a cow and a pig. Although the general condition of the farming population has improved here since the revolution, they feel the lack of clothing, boots, sugar, salt, and petroleum. Last winter, which was a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very cold one, these districts were practically destitute of light and fuel, as there are no local forests. The German colonists operate some 30,000 looms in their own homes. In spite of the manifold difficulties they are experiencing, the people here seem to us marvelously prosperous in comparison with what we had seen in Russia heretofore.

[*Japan Advertiser* (American Daily), *December 24, 1920*]

AUTUMN MOUNTAINS

BY RYUNOSUKE AKUTAGAWA

[Mr. Akutagawa is one of the leading young writers of fiction in Japan and his work is admired for the combination of cynicism and romanticism which connoisseurs find in it. The following short story is from the New Year number of *Kaizo* (Reconstruction).]

'SPEAKING of Huang Tai-chih,' said Wang Tan-ku, one autumn evening to his host, Yun Nan-tien, 'reminds me of his picture, Autumn Mountains. Have you ever seen it?'

'Not yet. And you?'

The good old Huang Tai-chih, was certainly one of the divine geniuses of painting in the period of Yuan and his celebrity equaled that of Mei Taojen and Huanghao Shangchiao. Yun Nan-tien felt as if the masterpieces drawn by that painter loomed up before his eyes.

'Well, I may have seen it and may not. It is one of the strange experiences of my life.'

'May have seen it or . . . ' repeated his host glancing at the visitor with dubious eyes. 'You mean, then, it was a facsimile which you saw?'

'Not a facsimile, but the original, I should say.' Wang Tan-ku smiled thoughtfully, drinking his tea. 'The original —— and not I alone saw it, but our honorable Yenko and Hsiangpi have also seen it. If you have no objection, I will tell you how I came to see this famous picture.'

Yun Nan-tien, poking the fire in the brazier, listened to the artist.

'It was in the days when our honorable Ssupo was still living. One day he was talking about pictures with the good old Yenko, when suddenly he asked the old man if he had seen the picture Autumn Mountains. As you know, old Yenko is a student of the school of Huang Tai-chih, and we may presume that he studied every picture drawn by Huang. But curious to say, he never saw the picture Autumn Mountains.

'"No. But I never heard that there was any such a picture by Huang." As he replied, we are told, he felt ashamed of his ignorance.

'"Then you must see it at the earliest possible opportunity. It is a striking example of the master's hand, far surpassing either his Summer Mountains or Floating Mist. One of the distinguished masterpieces of the good old Tai-chih, I suppose."

'"One of the distinguished masterpieces? Oh, how I would like to see it soon! Who is the present owner?"

'"It is the property of Chang at Junchow. If you happen to pass by the Chinshangssu temple, you might call on him. I will give you an introduction."

'The good old Yenko started for Junchow as soon as he received the letter of introduction. The thought of finding other valuable collections of ancient masterpieces at Chang's prevented this zealot of painting from staying at his studio in the West Garden.

'He arrived at Junchow to find the residence of Mr. Chang, though in spacious grounds, but a desolate cottage. Ivy climbed up the walls and the garden was covered with long grass, while hens

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and ducks looked at the strange visitor with questioning eyes. The good old Yenko began to suspect the sincerity of his honorable teacher; he could not believe that the master of such a dirty cottage could own the valuable picture. But at any rate he gave his card and the letter of introduction to a boy, and told him that he came from a remote part of the country to see the picture.

'He was ushered into a parlor where, though it was furnished with chairs and tables of mahogany, a cool scent of dust was floating. The shade of desolation lurked on the tiled floor. The host was a frail but good-natured old man, with a pale countenance and slender hands, which gave him an aristocratic air. After saluting the master of the cottage, the good old Yenko asked him at once to show the picture of the famous genius of the Yuan dynasty. Yenko afterward told me that he felt at that time as if the picture would vanish into thin air if he missed the opportunity.

'The host consented with pleasure, and ordered his servant to hang the picture on the bare wall of the chamber.

'"This is Autumn Mountains," said he.

'Good old Yenko gave vent to a faint cry of admiration at the first glance. A soft tone of greenish gray pervaded the whole picture, which represented serpentine streams wandering through scattered groups of houses or under tiny bridges and a high peak of the mountains looming up behind the villages. A band of floating cloud surrounding the side of the mountains was painted with shades of chalk. The contrast of the vermilion of the dead leaves of the woods with the delicate blue of the mountains fresh from an early rain was of indescribable charm. The perfection of touch and the magnificence of the composition gave the splendid picture an air of vastness and serenity.

'Good old Yenko, dumb-struck and absent-minded, looked at the picture. The more closely he scrutinized it, the more charms he saw.

'"How do you like it?" asked the owner with a smile.

'"A divine masterpiece," replied the young artist. "Surely no other work of Huang can rival this."

'"Really? Do you think that it is his masterpiece?"

'"Why not?" replied Yenko, wondering what made the owner doubt his sincerity.

'"There is no particular reason why I should doubt the value of your criticism, but . . . ," the host blushed like a maiden, and with a faint smile he resumed. "To tell the truth, every time I look at the picture, I feel as if I were dreaming with my eyes open. It is a charming picture, it is true, but I wonder if it is I alone who find its charm,— if other people have the same impression; because it is no more than a worthless piece of painting to many people, too charming to be appreciated by mortal eyes? I don't know what is the cause of the strange feeling of doubt which I experience before the picture. This is why I asked your opinion."

'But Yenko paid no attention. Many years passed since I heard the story from Yenko, when I heard a rumor that Wang had secured the picture. I rejoiced at the rumor, for I found the picture had not yet been lost and I could have an opportunity to see it. I hastened to Chinchang to call on Wang and asked him to show me the picture.

'Mr. Wang with an air of triumph said, "I expect to-day our Yenko and Hsiangpi at my house, but I must first show you the picture."

'So saying he hung the picture on the wall. The groups of houses dotted with the red of dead leaves, the streams; the white clouds filling the valleys; the blue peaks of mountains looming in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distance . . . a miniature landscape most delicate and most charming, like that described, and by Huang Tai-chih, was before my eyes. Palpitating with delight, I fixed my eyes on it and pondered.

'Surely it was drawn by Huang; no one can excel him in the power of touch and the splendor of color. But — but it is not the picture which Yenko saw at the house of Mr. Chang. It is another work of Huang, inferior to that.

'I was surrounded by Mr. Wang and other guests, who were eagerly straining their ears to catch the first word of criticism from my lips. I had made a painful effort in vain not to betray my disappointment, for Mr. Wang asked impatiently:

'"How do you like it?"

'I had to reply, "A divine masterpiece. It is no wonder that our honorable Yenko was transported by admiration at it."

'Mr. Wang seemed reassured, but still his lowered eye-brows indicated a shade of discontent. Just at that moment the good old Yenko entered the room with his countenance brightened up with a smile.

'"I saw the picture at a desolate cottage of Mr. Chang fifty years ago," said he. "Now it is an exceptional pleasure for me to find the same picture at this splendid mansion of our honorable host, Mr. Wang."

'With that he looked up at the painting. Whether the picture was the same one which he had seen at Chang's or not depended on his judgment. We fixed our eyes on him. To our great astonishment his countenance clouded over.

'Silence reigned. Mr. Wang timidly asked, "How do you find it? Our honorable Tan-ku has just given his high opinion on it, but. . . ."

'Secretly I was afraid of his frank opinion. But he replied in the most cordial manner, "I congratulate you on having such a valuable treasure to add to the glory of your collection."

'But Mr. Wang's countenance became darker than before, when, to our great relief, Mr. Hsiangpi arrived.

'"Is it the picture? he asked simply and fixed his eyes upon it. He was silent for some minutes, biting his moustache.

'"Our honorable Yenko saw it fifty years ago," remarked Mr. Wang, whose anxiety did not allow him remain silent. "Well, may I ask your opinion?"

'The teacher of painting heaved a sigh and did not lift his eyes from the picture.

'"I should be much obliged to know your opinion on the picture . . ." Mr. Wang urged him with a forced smile on his lips.

'"You mean . . . you mean this picture . . . this . . ." stammered he.

'"Well, yes, it is. How . . .?"

'"This . . . this is . . . is the best picture ever drawn by Huang — just look at this touch, these black and white clouds. What power, what vividness! The tone of the woods is the manifestation of divine genius. Look at that mountain, a single touch of the brush illuminates the whole composition."

'Our honorable Hsiangpi, who had been silent, suddenly turned his face to Mr. Wang and began to speak, pointing out beauties and giving credit to the genius of the distinguished master of the Yuan period. I exchanged a look secretly with Yenko and asked, "Really is it that picture?" at which he shook his head at me with a strange expression.

'"Everything is like a dream," said he. "I wonder if the owner of the picture, Mr. Chang, was an incarnation of the fox-spirit."

'This is the story of the picture Autumn Mountains,' said Wang Tai-chih, taking up the cup of tea. 'Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wang made an investigation afterward but no other picture was found. Whether our honorable Yenko saw a copy of the same picture or it was the fault of his memory, I don't know, but at any rate it is true that he visited the house of Mr. Chang.'

'But the impression of the picture he saw there remains as vivid as ever in the mind of our honorable Yenko. . . '

'Yes, I myself can see it as vividly as he saw it there.'

'Then there is no need of our regretting, if the genuine picture was lost.'

The two artists, clapping their hands, laughed.

[*Heraldo de Madrid* (Liberal Daily), *December 24*]

THE PROFITEER

BY LUIS ANTÓN DEL OLMET

[The following article is from a prominent 'bourgeois' newspaper.]

Look at him! There he goes down the street, that tall, vigorous, defiant looking man. Note the great wrinkle across his face. It looks like a scar. Indeed it is one. It is the scar of moral combat — a memento of war — a furrow plowed by sleepless nights. For your profiteer is not a happy man.

Whenever he moves, the varnish fairly crackles. His twenty dollar shoes squeak; his silk socks sparkle; his brand new overcoat rustles. The profiteer shines out from every angle — from his ring, his scarf pin, and his watch chain.

He walks with an abstracted air, but he is really embarrassed and self-conscious. He does not enjoy his wealth. It hampers and chokes him. And at heart he is still unsatisfied, aspiring for things he will never have, eternally discontented, tormented by the unattainable.

To what does he owe his fortune? People commonly say to his bold ventures. Before the war, he owned a little vessel. He juggled it out of a bankruptcy. At once he put it in service, trading with the Allies, at enormous charter rates. Every trip brought him a fortune. Within six months he was already a wealthy man. But his avarice took alarm. German submarines! They might torpedo his vessel. So under cover of darkness, he got in touch with German spies and offered to supply gasoline to their U-boats in exchange for immunity.

His offer was accepted. He was able to carry to England food and munitions. But the very steamer that delivered these cargoes in British ports, would halt on the high seas in the mysterious hours of the night to supply the submarine pirates with fuel and arms to commit their crimes!

How many times, when reports of a new torpedoing arrived with their lists of human victims, did this profiteer meditate: I did it! I did it!

So his double profits multiplied his fortune, and made him speedily a big business man. He bought two or three additional vessels, and playing both sides of the game, dealing simultaneously with the Allies and their enemies, betraying the men to whom he owed his fortune, he accumulated unbounded wealth. The ill-favored, shabbily-dressed bankrupt was converted into a brand new plutocrat, not by the labor of his hands, not by his business foresight and ability, but by his readiness to betray and by the depth to which his avarice would stoop.

He bought houses, founded banks, scattered his gold in many lines of business like the tentacles of an enormous, greedy octopus. When the war was over and the opportunity for abnormal profits passed, his revenues continued to be bountiful.

Thereupon he began to lead an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

easier life. He bedecked himself with jewels; he patronized a fashionable tailor and boot maker; he built him a mansion of manorial dignity, bought automobiles, surrounded himself with a circle of flatterers and parasites. He began to engage in high finance, and speedily became an expert in its age-old trickeries. His name began to be respected. He became a director of important companies. He had his fingers in those conservative and respectable enterprises which form the warp and woof of bourgeois business, to protect which we have codes of laws, legislative chambers, and a whole lexicon of moral commandments and popular proverbs.

He is married and has two little boys, who will grow up quite innocent of their father's past, believing themselves the favorites of Providence — God's elect — of finer clay than their fellow men. In time they will be admitted to the portals of high society, and dubbed with flattering adjectives — Marquis? Count? Baron? One of them, or perhaps the father himself, will ferret out some ancient coat-of-arms in a forgotten mountain village, and the benevolent College of Heralds will provide him with a parchment title, and a long story of the ancient, noble family of 'Don Sancho' or 'Don Garcia.'

But your profiteer is insatiable, because money alone is never enough. He will become a deputy or a senator, eventually perhaps a member of the cabinet. He will shape legislation and take good care that dangerous laws do not creep into our statute books. He will be a barrier to progress, and his creed will consist of a single article: 'If people want to get on, let them labor and struggle as I did.'

He will have forgotten his betrayals, his treachery. The only things remembered will be his alleged intelligence, enterprise, and energy.

Look at him again as he goes down the street this winter morning! He is walking for his health in order not to become too corpulent. He stops at various banks. He notices no one; greets no one. His apparel is offensively new and rich; everything about him shines; but let a poor mendicant ask for alms, and he brushes him aside with an irritated gesture, saying to himself: the government ought to stop this. Should a man appeal for his assistance in any charitable or public-spirited enterprise, he dismisses him curtly with a contemptuous remark about beggars. Every day his countenance grows harder and more repellent, and the wrinkle in his cheek — that moral scar — grows deeper.

No! Your profiteer is not an engaging type. Very rarely does he vary from one pattern. He is not a patron of art — even an ignorant one. That is a quality which sarcastic writers have jokingly conferred upon him. He lacks even an affectation of liberal tastes. He is but the latest variation of the anthropoid — a carnivorous beast of prey reveling in his own repulsive qualities and unconscious that they are repulsive,— a panther without the beauty of a panther, whose treachery is not a momentary yielding to temptation, but a second nature — a predatory brute who has learned to sign checks and coupons with elegantly gloved claws.

If I did not suspect that most of the human race consists of unsuccessful would-be profiteers, I would suggest the extinction of the species. I would exterminate it root and branch, as we exterminate foxes, which are shrewder, and bears, which are less savage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

AN EXCELLENT PARODY

WHILE strolling through a Boston book shop the other day, I was glad to see that some enterprising agent had imported copies of Mr. Barry Pain's parody of Mrs. Asquith's Memoirs. The funny little book is called *Marge Askinforit*, and is a much better comment on Mrs. Asquith's Autobiography than the rather heavy strictures of a good many critics. The extravagance of *Marge Askinforit* makes its satire quite good-humored. Marge usually occupied the position of temporary parlor maid in the homes of the great. The society with which she mixes is, in its higher moments, that of the nobility of the servants' hall, and in its lower it is that of Whitechapel High Street. Marge describes how she and her sister 'exercised a fascination over the other sex that was almost incredible.' They had a Proposal Competition each week; each of them paid sixpence, and the girl who got the greatest number of proposals took the pool. 'Our lodger pestered my sister and myself with his absolute inattention. . . . While the Proposal Competitions were on, not one of us thought it worth while to waste time on the man. Afterward I thought that it would be kind to offer him a little encouragement.'

He usually went for a walk on Sunday mornings, and one Sunday I said that I would accompany him. 'Better not,' he said. 'Looks to me like rain.' 'But you have an umbrella,' I pointed out. 'Aye,' he said, 'and when two people share one umbrella, they both get all the drippings from it and none of the protection. You take a nice book and read for a bit.' 'No,' I said. 'I'm coming with you, and though it's Leap Year, I definitely promise not to propose to you.' 'Well,' he said, 'that makes a difference.' I thrust my arm into his gaily and confidentially, and he immediately unhooked. We went on to the Heath together. 'I was once told by a palmist,' I said, 'that I had a mysterious and magnetic attraction for men.' 'Those palmists will say anything,' he said. 'It's just the other way round really.' 'Perhaps,' I said. 'I know I have an unlimited capacity for love — and nobody seems to want it.' 'Ah,' he said, 'it's a pity to be overstocked with a perishable article. It means parting with it at a loss.' What could I say to a brute like that? And I had nobody there to protect me. 'I wish,' I said, 'that you'd look if I've a fly in my eye.' 'If you had, you'd know,' he answered. 'The fly sees to that.' Some minutes elapsed before I asked him to tie my shoe lace. He looked down and said that it was not undone. I simply turned round and left him, I was not going to stay there to be insulted.

Some of the anecdotes are admirable:

I well remember the first and only time that I met Gladstone. I was staying with Lady Bilberry at the time at her house in Half Moon Street. She was a woman with real charm and wit, but somewhat irritable. Most of the people I've met were irritable or became so, and I can't think why. But to return to Gladstone. I wrote down every precious word of my conversation with him at the time, and the eager and excited reader may now peruse it in full.

GLADSTONE: Lady Bilberry at home?

MARGE: Yes, sir.

GLADSTONE: Thanks.

MARGE: What name, please?

He gave me his name quite simply, without any attempt at rudeness or facetiousness. I should say that this was typical of the whole character of the man. With a beautiful and punctilious courtesy he removed his hat — not a very good hat — on entering the house. I formed the impression from the ease with which he did this that the practice must have been habitual with him. The only thing that mars this cherished memory is that it was not the Gladstone you mean, nor any relative of his, but a gentleman of the same name who had called to see if he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could interest her ladyship in a scheme for the recovery of some buried treasure. He did not stay long, and Lady Bilberry said I ought to have known better.

'Somerville and Ross'

MISS SOMERVILLE in her explanatory preface speaks of the contents of this volume* as 'a casual collection of by-products,' and claims for them no merit save their candor and the fact that 'each represents an impulse yielded to without resistance, an inspiring interval of escape from the duty of the moment.' We know from *Irish Memories* that the two cousins often wrote at high pressure, but here, as elsewhere, they seem incapable of the slipshod fluency associated with literary pot-boiling. Even the slightest fragments included in this volume show the mastery of phrase, the unerring choice of the right words which suggest ease but only come from an immense capacity for taking pains. These are not chips from a literary workshop, but, with one or two exceptions, finished work, brilliant in style, rich in suggestiveness. Of the pieces now printed for the first time the most remarkable is the story 'Two Sunday Afternoons' by Miss Martin. Based on what she had seen and heard in Dublin during the dark time of the Invincibles, 'it seemed to her too sordid and tragic, and she put it away and gave up the intention of publishing it.' Sordid and tragic it is, but it deserved to be reprinted if only as a standing proof that such themes can be treated with dignity and compassion. The core of the tragedy is revealed in the opening scene in St. Stephen's Green:

> To the passer-by she was merely a clumsy girl, with a large head, sprawling on the shoulder of a dingy artisan, yet love and its dreadfulness were there expressed, a fire struck from the heart of life, to burn itself out in slow despairs or mild regrets, or in some sudden agony or extinction of death, such as it is best not to foresee.

* *Stray Aways.*

Of Martin Ross's other single-handed contributions we may notice the wonderful monologue of the Irish peasant woman in 'At the River's Edge,' who was illiterate yet full of unconscious poetry, and vivid phrases, as in the portrait of the old priest:

> He was a great priest and after he died, it's what the people said, he went through purgatory like a flash o' lightning; there was n't a singe on him. Often me mother told me about a sermon he preached, and I'd remember of a piece of it and the way you'd say it in English was 'O black seas of Eternity, without top or bottom, beginning nor end, bay, brink nor shore, how can any one look into your depths and neglect the salvation of his soul?'

From her pen, too, are the delightful papers on 'Quartier Latinities'— the diet and diversions of art students, the humors of shopping, and of the French families at play in the Luxemburg Gardens. The paper on the Dublin Horse Show in 1913, reprinted from the *Spectator*, is journalism, but journalism *in excelsis*. The work done in partnership includes the review of Dr. Joyce's *English as we Speak It in Ireland* from the *Times Literary Supplement*, which is not only a sympathetic yet discriminating notice of an admirable book, but the best summary ever written of the genesis and the genius of the Anglo-Irish language. To the same partnership we owe the charming *carnets de voyage* inspired by a trip to Denmark in 1895 and the humorous, half-rueful record of their experiences as Unionist canvassers at an election in East Anglia. Miss Somerville's own contributions triumphantly stand the test of comparison with the work done in collaboration. We may especially single out her study of Sir Jonah Barrington in 'Ireland Then and Now,' and, better still, the paper on 'Stage Irishmen and Others,' where the 'cool, temperate humor' of Miss Edgeworth is contrasted with the extravagances of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carleton, and full justice is done to the signal virtues and limitations of Gerald Griffin. We have also to thank her for the spirited, faithful, and humorous illustrations which enrich a delightful volume.

America Explained to Britons

(From Mr. Santayana's *Character and Opinion in the United States.*)

'We must face the fact,' Mr. Santayana says, 'that civilization may possibly be approaching one of those long winters that overtake it from time to time. Romantic Christendom — picturesque, passionate, unhappy episode — may be coming to an end. Such a catastrophe would be no reason for despair; under the deluge, watered by it, seeds of all sorts would survive against the time to come, even if what might eventually spring from them should wear a strange aspect. In a certain measure, both this destruction and this restoration have already occurred in America.' America may prove a microcosm, a sort of prophetic convex mirror. If, he goes on, there is forgetfulness and callow disrespect for what is past or alien, there is also a vigor, goodness, and hope such as no nation ever possessed before. 'In what sometimes looks like American greediness and jostling for the first place, all is love of achievement, nothing is unkindness.' Americans are a fearless people and free from malice, as may be seen in their eyes and gestures, even if their conduct did not prove it. Their soil is propitious to every seed, and tares must needs grow in it. 'In the classical and romantic tradition of Europe, love, of which there was very little, was supposed to be kindled by beauty, of which there was a great deal; perhaps moral chemistry may be able to reverse this operation, and in the future, and in America, it may breed beauty out of love.'

American Movies on the Wane

Is the British public tiring of the American film?

The extensive dismissals from the studios of Los Angeles, reported in the *Daily Chronicle* yesterday, make it clear that there is not the demand for American pictures which existed a few years ago.

'People who have seen really good British pictures cannot stand the rubbish which has been coming from America lately,' the proprietor of a cinema theatre told a *Daily Chronicle* representative yesterday.

They are tired of the monotony of the cowboy or social drama film.

Mr. C. M. Hepworth, the well-known English producer, said that he believed that Americans no less than English people were tiring of American films of the present quality.

'Some are very good,' he said, 'but the American system is purely commercial. Films are sold before they are produced, so what incentive is there for the producer to put his best work into the picture? One company at work in this country has sold films for release in 1923 which have not yet been produced.

'English cinema proprietors who book bundles of American films which they have not seen have only themselves to blame if they lose their audiences. With the good films are many so poor that no intelligent person can enjoy them.

'People are expressing their dissatisfaction with many of these films, and are demanding something better.'

Mr. Alfred Lever, general manager of the Stoll Film Company, said that there was little doubt that the American market was suffering from overproduction.

'America used to look to England as a great market for her pictures,' he said, 'but England is now producing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better pictures than America, and English people who have once seen the films of their own country do not want conventional American pictures. In the last twelve months America has been sending us very poor pictures. Hence the slump.

'We are showing America what we can do, for this company has set up an American organization, and is releasing one Biritish picture every week in the States. Some of our films are also going to France.'

An official of the Famous-Lasky Film Service agreed that America has overproduced films.

'The tendency now is to produce big pictures which, like plays, will run for months at a time, instead of for three or six days,' he added.

Sir Philip Gibbs as an Editor

THE *Review of Reviews* is to be congratulated on securing so capable a writer for the editorial chair as Sir Philip Gibbs; although our cleverest of war correspondents has yet to prove his worth in the new sphere which he has chosen. If he succeeds, it will be in the face of considerable handicap, for no publication is so closely associated with the personality of one man as the *Review of Reviews*. During his lifetime it was the mouthpiece of its founder, W. T. Stead, and for many years after his death his spirit pervaded its pages. Few papers depended so much on the editorial personality as the *Review of Reviews*, and it will be hard for Sir Philip Gibbs to live that down, man of wide and large sympathies though he is. Personality may be a source of strength or weakness to a paper, the former when it is both fearless and honest, the latter when the pen runs away with its holder. W. T. Stead was a faddist, and the world loves such. He was also an inventor, in the newspaper sense, like Sir George Newnes. Thus his paper was himself, and it was only when his mind took the queer bent of his later years that the *Review of Reviews* failed to command attention.

'The Headland'

MRS. DAWSON SCOTT'S remarkable book is to have an American edition. It is the story of a debased household, one of them an unspeakable degenerate, recounted with the highest literary art.

News of Miss Ellen Terry

THE art of Miss Ellen Terry will be preserved for posterity by the cinema. Some years ago she appeared in a film, *Her Greatest Performance*, and she has recently taken the part of Mrs. Bernick in the screen production of Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*. The part is a very small one but it is enough to show the ease and dignity of Miss Terry's stage presence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHISTLER *v.* RUSKIN: AN ATTORNEY'S STORY OF A FAMOUS TRIAL

BY JUDGE PARRY

[The author gratefully acknowledges the kind permission of Miss R. Birnie Philip, the executrix of Mr. Whistler, and Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, K.C., the executor of Mr. Ruskin, to make use of the documents hitherto unpublished which are quoted in this article.]

FRIENDLY chance threw in my way an old brief. What a vast amount of biographical and social history lies hidden in these foolscap folios tipped on to the solicitors' slag heap after the fires of litigation are burned out and forgotten! What would we give, for instance, for Mr. Saint John's brief in Hampden's case with the defendant's own suggestions of the line to be taken by his advocate, or for Brougham's brief in Queen Caroline's case, or Campbell's brief in 'Norton *v.* Melbourne!' The true story of many a *cause célèbre* is never made manifest in the evidence given or in the advocates' orations, but might be recovered from these old papers when the dust of ages has rendered them immune from scandal.

The title of this particular brief is: '1877 W. No. 818. In the High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division. Whistler *v.* Ruskin. Brief on behalf of the Defendant. The Attorney General. With you Mr. C. Bowen.' I was deeply interested in this libel action at the time, as my father, Sergeant Parry, appeared with Mr. Petheram for the plaintiff and ultimately wrested from Sir John Holker the glorious victory of a farthing damages.

The unfortunate dispute which brought these two great ones into the squalid purlieus of Westminster Hall was not based upon any mean personal antagonism but was a passing form of the eternal quarrel between those who worship the art of personal impression and those who demand a literary inspiration — a picture with a story. Could it have been tried before a tribunal of 'amateurs' eager to give ear to the earnest pleading of the litigants good might have come of the contest, but before Baron Huddlestone and a Middlesex jury who cared for none of these things the trial was a sorry farce.

The trouble began in this way. Ruskin was at the zenith of his fame as an art critic and had adopted the public rôle of prophet. He was wont to attack all and sundry with a savage merriment which even his best friends at times resented. The story goes that he wrote to a friend hoping that a fierce criticism published by him on his friend's picture would make no difference in their friendship. To which his friend had the wit to reply, 'Dear Ruskin — Next time I meet you I shall knock you down, but I hope it will make no difference in our friendship.'

In his own circle this kind of thing did not matter, but Whistler was no of the circle. Twelve years before Swinburne had asked Ruskin to come with Burne-Jones and himself to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whistler's studio, but the visit was never made. 'I wish you could accompany us,' he writes. 'Whistler, as any artist worthy of his rank must be, is of course desirous to meet you and to let you see his immediate work. As (I think) he has never met you, you will see that his desire to have it out with you face to face must spring simply from knowledge and appreciation of your works.' The prophet of Herne Hill was not inclined to come down into the studio and 'have it out' with the apostle of a new gospel, and the men never met.

In the year 1877 Ruskin was writing his letters to workingmen which he entitled *Fors Clavigera*. The libel Whistler complained of appeared in Letter 79, and is dated 'Herne Hill, June 18, 1877.' That Ruskin ever thought of or intended to injure Whistler personally is unthinkable. If you read the whole letter, it is clear that the very mention of Whistler was almost accidental. He was striving to teach the lesson that true coöperation was not a policy of privileged members combining for their own advantage, but that we must 'do the best we can for all men.' This leads him to consider whether under present conditions any sort of art is at all possible, and he arrives at the characteristic conclusion that it is not. Music he finds is possible, and that is because 'our music has been chosen for us by our masters and our pictures have been chosen by ourselves.' If someone like Charles Hallé could guide us in our choice of pictures as he does in music, all would be well.

This of necessity brings him to the recent opening of the Grosvenor Gallery by Sir Coutts Lindsay, and giving him credit for good intentions he dismisses him lightly with the phrase 'that he is at present an amateur both in art and shop-keeping.' He then proceeds to tell his workingmen readers that the work of his friend Burne-Jones 'is the only art work in England which will be received by the future as "classic" of its kind, the best that has been or could be,' and goes on to pronounce this final decree upon his pictures: 'I *know* that these will be immortal as the best thing the mid-nineteenth century could do.'

This first exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery was a loan exhibition, and considerable prominence was given to Whistler's nocturnes, including the Falling Rocket and Old Battersea Bridge. Whistler himself had designed a frieze for one of the galleries and he was treated as an artist worthy of serious consideration. The very fact of this being done in a gallery where his friend Burne-Jones's masterpieces are displayed excites Ruskin to a fit of uncontrollable anger, and with little attention to the context he concludes his panegyric of Burne-Jones with an almost irrelevant attack on Whistler. Nothing is said to the workingmen he is writing for as to why the pictures he dislikes are bad or what it is that is wrong about them. The paragraph suddenly introduces Whistler to an audience that probably knew little or nothing about him in the following terms:

> For Mr. Whistler's own sake no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.

Time has shown that from the shopkeeper's point of view Sir Coutts Lindsay knew more about his business than Ruskin supposed, and the money taunt in the libel, which was wholly outside a critic's jurisdiction, gave an air of malice to the paragraph that was most unfortunate. In so far as money talks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in questions of art, the prices of Whistler's nocturnes have dismissed the criticism of Ruskin as futile and unsound. Battersea Bridge, for instance, the blue and silver nocturne, which was produced at the trial, was ultimately purchased by the National Art Collections Fund for two thousand guineas, presented to the nation, and hangs in the National Gallery.

If the libel had remained interred in the pages of *Fors Clavigera* it would possibly never have reached Whistler's ears. The curious coterie who read Ruskin's monthly letters cared little and knew less about 'nocturnes in blue and gold' and 'arrangements in black.' The magazine was not one that found its way into clubs and the drawing rooms of society. But the passage was too piquant to remain in obscurity. It was copied into other papers, and repeated with a chuckle by the Tadpoles and Tapers of artistic society.

In Pennell's admirable life of the artist, where the circumstances of the trial are very faithfully dealt with, we are told that Boughton remembered Whistler chancing on the criticism in the smoking room at the Arts Club.

'It is the most debased *style* of criticism I have had thrown at me yet,' Whistler said.

'Sounds rather like libel,' Boughton suggested.

'Well — that I shall try and find out,' Whistler replied.

It is a thousand pities that such an idea was ever suggested to Whistler, but it is more than probable it would have come to him spontaneously. The two men stood for opposite ideals. The public at that date regarded Whistler as a mountebank and Ruskin as an English institution infallible and almost sacred in the domain of art. There was some excuse for these erroneous estimates. But here, from Whistler's point of view, was an opportunity to exterminate a prophet and destroy a false doctrine, and when the challenge was made the old warrior in Ruskin scented the battlefield and the destruction of poisonous dragons.

On July 21 it was stated in the *Athenæum* that Whistler intended to bring an action against Mr. Ruskin 'on account of opinions expressed with regard to the artist, his works, or both, we do not gather which.' On July 28 the writ was issued, and the pleadings were closed on December 11.

Ruskin wrote at once to Burne-Jones full of the early enthusiasm of the joyful litigant:

> It's mere nuts and nectar to me, the notion of having to answer for myself in Court — and the whole thing will enable me to assert some principles of art economy which I've never got into the public's head by writing, but may get sent over all the world vividly in a newspaper report or two.

It has been suggested that the libel might possibly be accounted for by Ruskin's morbid mental condition, but his letter does not bear any trace of depression. Moreover, he had penned a similar attack on Whistler in an Oxford Lecture on Tuscan Art in 1873, in which he had said:

> I never saw anything so impudent on the walls of any exhibition in any country as last year in London. It was a daub professing to be a 'harmony in pink and white' (or some such nonsense); absolute rubbish, and which had taken about quarter of an hour to scrawl or daub — it had no pretense to be called painting. The price asked for it was two hundred and fifty guineas.

It is probable that Whistler never saw or heard of this passage, or his legal advisers would have been told of it. But it shows that Ruskin's attack was not a sudden outburst of momentary irritation but was deliberate and intentional.

Ruskin would undoubtedly have enjoyed testifying from the witness box. But, alas for the vanity of human

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wishes! long before the case came on Ruskin's serious illness rendered it impossible for him to risk the excitement of appearing in court. It is only fair to Whistler to remember that he extended the time of hearing whenever he was requested to do so, and his advisers were naturally anxious that Ruskin should go into the box to be cross-examined.

Meanwhile the prophet returned to Brantwood and prepared a characteristic memorandum of his views on the particular case and a general dissertation on the ethics of criticism which we find attached to Sir John Holker's brief. Having set out that the function of all good critics is 'to recommend authors of merit to public attention and to prevent authors of demerit from occupying it,' Ruskin tells his counsel that the main strength of his life has been spent in the praise of unappreciated artists.

> But (he continues), the Bench of Honorable Criticism is as truly a seat of judgment as that of Law itself, and its verdicts though usually kinder must sometimes be no less stern. It has ordinarily been my privilege to extol, but occasionally my duty to condemn, the works of living painters. But no artist has ever yet been suspected of purchasing my praise, and this is the first attempt that has been made through the instrumentality of the British Law to tax my blame.

Sir John Holker underlines this passage with the pencil of approval.

The defendant then sets out his view of the libel:

> I do not know (he writes), the sense attached legally to the word 'libel,' but the sense rationally attaching to it is that of a false description of a man's person, character, or work made wilfully for the purpose of injuring him.
>
> And the only answers I think it necessary to make to the charge of libel brought against me by the plaintiff are — first, that the description given of his work and character is accurately true as far as it reaches; and, secondly, that it was calculated, so far as it was accepted, to be extremely beneficial to himself and still more to the public. In the first place, the description given of him is absolutely true. It is my constant habit while I praise without scruple to weigh my words of blame in every syllable. I have spoken of the plaintiff as ill-educated and conceited, because the very first meaning of education in an artist is that he should know his true position with respect to his fellow-workmen, and ask from the public only a just price for his work. Had the plaintiff known either what good artists gave habitually of labor to their pictures or received contentedly of pay for them, the price he set on his own productions would not have been coxcombry, but dishonesty.

In this purely commercial question of price Ruskin was clearly wrong and entirely out of his element. As the market has turned out, Whistler was at that date offering his wares at absurdly cheap prices, and if Ruskin had gone into the witness box he would have been a tempting subject for cross-examination on the question why an art critic should disturb his mind about the price asked for a picture. There was only one picture of Whistler's for sale at the Grosvenor Gallery, the others were loaned, and the fact that Ruskin fastened on the one priced exhibit to attack the artist was some evidence of unfairness if not malice.

Having scornfully disposed of Whistler's musical descriptions of his pictures as mere evidence of quackery, Ruskin then proceeds to lay down the only true gospel of art:

> The standard which I gave thirty years ago (he repeats with pride), for estimate of the relative value of pictures, namely, that their preciousness depended ultimately on the clearness and justice of the ideas they contained and conveyed, has never been lost sight of by me since, and has been especially dwelt upon lately in such resistance as I have been able to offer to the modern schools which conceive the object of art to be ornament rather than edification.

He then continues to enlighten counsel on the degradation of trade and art in the nineteenth century, reminding him that in the good old days of flourishing trade and art

> the dignity of operative, merchant, and artist was held alike to consist in giving each in their several functions good value for money and a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fair day's work for a fair day's wage. . . . I have now long enough endeavored, much to my own hindrance, to vindicate from the impatient modern some respect for the honesties of commerce and the veracities of art which characterized the simplicity of his uncivilized forefathers. I contentedly henceforward leave the public of this brighter day to appease the occasional qualms that may trouble the liberty of their conscience and the latitude of their taste with philosophy that does nobody any good, and criticism that does no one any harm.

Holker and Bowen must have thanked their stars that their outspoken client was safe at Brantwood and they were at liberty to make use of as much or as little of his instructions as they thought right. Bowen had already given him an intimation of the course the jury were likely to take, and instinctively notices that the sting of the libel was in the unwise and unnecessary introduction of the price asked for the picture.

Most people of educated habits of mind (he writes), are well aware of the infinite importance of having works of art, or alleged works of art, freely and severely criticized by skilled and competent critics. But Mr. Ruskin must not expect that he will necessarily find juries composed of persons who have any knowledge or sympathy with art. It would, for example, be hopeless to try to convince a jury that Mr. Ruskin's view of Mr. Whistler's performance was right: they never could or would decide on that. They would look to the language used rather than to the provocation, and their sympathies would rather lean to the side of the man who wanted to sell his pictures than to the side of the outspoken critic whose criticism interfered with the sale of a marketable commodity. I think, therefore, that Mr. Ruskin, whose language about Mr. Whistler in *Fors Clavigera* is exceedingly trenchant and contemptuous, must not be surprised if he loses the verdict. I should rather expect him to do so.

One of the main themes of Ruskin's article was the praise of the work of Burne-Jones, the dispraise of his fellow artist Whistler being by way of comparison. Under these circumstances friendship and good taste ought to have prevented Ruskin from inviting Burne-Jones to appear for him as a witness.

But that was not Ruskin's way. In any contest in which he was engaged he at once found himself fighting on the side of righteousness against the Evil One, and conducted the battle with Old Testament energy, enthusiasm, and even want of chivalry.

On November 2, 1878, he writes to Burne-Jones:

I gave your name to the blessed lawyers as chief of men to whom they might refer for anything which in their wisdom they can't discern unaided concerning me. But I commanded them in no wise and for no cause whatsoever to trouble or tease you.

As a matter of fact the 'blessed lawyers' were given to understand that Mr. Burne-Jones was desirous to give evidence and that Leslie, Richmond and Marks, among the Royal Academicians, would wish to do so also. The worldly lawyers shrewdly suggested that you cannot expect artist to give evidence against artist, and hinted that no artist ever did approve of criticism. In this they turned out to be right, and Burne-Jones was the only one who showed little backwardness in coming forward. The others refused to be mixed up in the quarrel.

In after years Burne-Jones himself regretted that he had felt obliged in loyalty to his friend to accept the invitation. 'The whole thing,' he wrote, 'was a hateful affair, and nothing in a small way annoyed me more — however, as I had to go I spoke my mind and I try not to think of it all more than I can help.' Looking back on the affair he was sincerely sorry that it had happened. 'I wish,' he said to a friend, 'that trial thing had n't been; so much I wish it, and I wish Whistler knew that it made me sorry — but he would not believe.'

For the artist in him loved Whistler's color and admired his technique, though he was on Ruskin's side in the essentials of the artistic quarrel. Ruskin was his chief and his friend, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called upon to take action he was at the moment very ready for the fray, and sat down and wrote very frankly and at length his view of the position, which we find set out in the brief.

The point and matter (he writes), seems to be this: that scarcely anybody regards Whistler as a serious artist — for years past he has so worked the art of brag that he has succeeded in a measure among the semi-artistic part of the public, but among artists his vanities and eccentricities have been a matter of joke of long standing. . . . It is a matter of jest, but a matter of fact, that he has been ceaseless in all company for years past in depreciating the work of all artists, living or dead, and without any shame at all proclaiming himself as the only painter who has lived.

As Whistler used to say to his devoted disciples: 'You must be occupied with the master, not with yourselves.' Typical, too, was his rebuke to Oscar Wilde, who had suggested that when together their talk was about themselves. 'No, no, Oscar, you forget that when you and I are together we never talk about anything except me.'

Burne-Jones knew his man well when he said:

If he were asked if this were the case he would not care to deny it, for he has a perfect estimate of the value of this trumpeting, knowing that there will always be some to be staggered by it and some to believe it. He has never yet produced anything but sketches, more or less clever, often stupid, sometimes sheerly insolent — but sketches always. For all artists know that the difficulty of painting lies in the question of completion; thousands can sketch cleverly, amateurs often as adroitly as artists. The test is finish; in finishing the chance of failure increases in overwhelming proportion. To complete and not to lose the first vigor, that is what all painters have always set before themselves without exception. That Whistler should be an incomplete artist on such terms concerns himself alone, but that for years past he should have been proclaiming this incompleteness with all his power of speech to be the only thing worth attaining concerns Art itself and all artists. And Mr. Ruskin's forty years of striving to raise the ideal of his country's skill would have ended tamely if he could have quietly let pass such an exhibition as Mr. Whistler's theory and practice. . . . And I think Mr. Ruskin's language is justified on the grounds of the scandal that this violent puffing of what is at best a poor performance brings upon Art. I am sure that an ordinary intelligent person would think that a bad joke was being put upon him if he were asked to admire as a serious work of art the sort of picture condemned by Mr. Ruskin.

It needs no length of explanation for the causes that should for a time give Mr. Whistler a little notoriety, but if anyone caring, as Mr. Ruskin does, for the question of Art, and looking with any reverence on the works handed down to us, could think this meaningless scribbling should be looked upon as real Art for admiration and reward, I think he might lay his pen down and never write again, for Art would be at an end.

Holding these views about Whistler the man, it is good to remember that Burne-Jones in giving his evidence paid a fair tribute to Whistler's skill as an artist and did not go further than endorse Ruskin's principle that good workmanship was essential to a good picture.

After he had given his evidence Ruskin wrote him a characteristic letter of thanks.

BRANTWOOD, *November* 28.

I'm very grateful to you for speaking up, and Arthur (Severn) says you looked so serene and dignified that it was a sight to see. I don't think you will be sorry hereafter that you stood by me, and I shall be evermore happier in my secure sense of your truth to me and to good causes, for there was more difficulty in your appearing than in anyone else's, and I'm so glad you looked nice and spoke so steadily.

Whistler had the same difficulty that Ruskin had in getting his artist friends to come forward and champion his cause in court. The following letter sent by Mr. Anderson Rose to my father, Sergeant Parry, shows how eager he too was to make a brave show on the day of the fight:

21 *November*, 1878.

DEAR ROSE: Another view of the case and a further note for Serjt. Parry — First, I am *known*, and *always have been known*, to hold an independent position in Art, and to have had the Academy opposed to me. That *is* my position, and this would explain away the appearance of Academicians against me — and offering to paint my pictures in five minutes!— and I fancy it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be a good thing for Parry to take the initiative and say this, and prepare the jury for all academic demonstration. Again, I don't stand in the position of the *popular* picture-maker with herds of admirers — my art is quite apart from the usual stuff furnished to the mass, and *therefore* I necessarily have *not* the *large number of witnesses!* In defending me it would be bad policy to try and make me out a different person than the well-known Whistler; besides I think more is to be gained by sticking to that character.

However, here are one or two more men to be subpœnaed:

Richard Holmes, Queen's Librarian, Windsor.

Reid, The Print Room, British Museum.

Charles Keen (*sic*), 11 Queen's Road West, Chelsea.

James Tissot, 17 Grove End Road, St. John's Wood.

Though I don't think that Whistler ought to have many more than Boehm and Albert Moore.

What would you think of the Rev. Haweis? You know he *preached* about the beauty of the Peacock Room — and I have his printed sermon — it is a perfect poem of praise. He could be subpœnaed to swear to what he had preached!

Could you subpœna Prince Teck?— to swear that he thought the Peacock Room a great piece of art?

Good night,

J. McN. WHISTLER.

Another thing I have just heard. The other side is not at all so cock-sure as they pretend to be. It's a game of bluff, my dear Rose, and we must n't be bounced out!

Pennell says that Whistler 'thought at first that the artists would be on his side and would combine with him to drive the false prophet out of the temple,' but 'they all sneaked away except Albert Moore.'

Charles Keene, whose work Whistler greatly admired, was among those who with one accord made excuse:

Whistler's case against Ruskin (he writes), comes off, I believe, on Monday. He wants to subpœna me as a witness as to whether he is (as Ruskin says) an impostor or not. I told him I should be glad to record my opinion, but begged him to do without me if he could. They say it will be most likely settled on the point of law, but if the evidence is adduced it will be the greatest 'lark' that has been known for a long time in the courts.

Even Whistler's friends could not take him or his case very seriously. The real quarrel between Whistler and Ruskin as to the literary or decorative basis of Art was, of course, quite incomprehensible to a judge and jury, and the personal dispute between the two was bound, as Keene saw, to be something of a 'lark.' That was the pity of it.

At the trial itself Whistler certainly enjoyed himself. He was more than a match for the Attorney General, and his famous reply to one of his questions has passed into history.

'Can you tell me,' asked Sir John Holker, 'how long it took you to knock off that nocturne?'

'Two days,' replied Whistler.

'The labor of two days then is that for which you ask two hundred guineas.'

'No, I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime.'

It is curious that Holker with a hundred guineas on his brief should have risked such a foolish gibe against so clever a man, but I fancy the whole of his cross-examination was really directed to allow the witness to exhibit to the jury his conceit and self-infatuation, qualities which, coupled with his eccentric appearance, were bound to tell in mitigation of damages which was all that Holker expected.

Rossetti, Albert Moore, and W. G. Wills gave evidence for the plaintiff. Burne-Jones, Frith, and Tom Taylor — a curious trinity — testified for Ruskin.

That Ruskin should have called Frith as a witness was remarkable. An amusing incident occurred in his cross-examination when he concurred in the description of Turner's snow storm at sea as seen from the Harwich boat as 'soapsuds and whitewash,' and observed that his latest pictures were as insane as the people who admired them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ruskin himself has told us how years ago poor Turner at his father's house sat in a corner murmuring to himself 'Soapsuds and whitewash,' again and again. 'At last,' says Ruskin, 'I went to him, asking him why he minded what they said. Then he burst out, "Soapsuds and whitewash! What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea is like? I wish they had been in it!"'

Ruskin might have remembered this incident before he fell foul of the 'Rocket at Cremorne.'

The details of the trial are well reported in Pennell's *Life of Whistler*, and the artist printed his own inimitable account of the proceedings. The result was a farthing damages, and Baron Huddlestone ordered each party to pay their own costs. Ruskin's admirers subscribed his costs, and Whistler wrote to his solicitors suggesting that he too should have a subscription, adding with undiminished humor, 'and in the event of a subscription I would willingly contribute my mite.'

Ruskin, who was in broken health, took the verdict very seriously, and wrote to Liddell to resign his Art Professorship at Oxford on November 28:

> The result of the Whistler trial (he says), leaves me no further option. I cannot hold a chair from which I have no power of expressing judgment without being taxed for it by British law.

Whistler, who already on the verge of insolvency was badly injured by the trial and its inconclusive result, solaced himself with pleasant epigrams at his opponent's expense, the best and worthiest of remembrance being perhaps the witty saying: 'A life passed among pictures makes not a painter — else the policeman in the National Gallery might assert himself.'

To the outer world the trial was a storm in a teapot — a trivial personal dispute between two great men, and the smaller fry chuckled to find that these giants could lose their temper and fling language at each other like men of commoner clay.

But to each individual it was a serious quarrel on a serious subject, though the disputants could not get judge, jury, or populace to understand it. The dispute remains undetermined and the riddle remains unsolved. Whether the cave man and the child are really trying with soul and conscience to tell us the whole outward and inward truth of the subject etched on a bone or scrawled on a slate, or whether they are merely expressing decorative personal impressions of their own emotions about the subjects they deal with — that was roughly the cause of action between Whistler and Ruskin.

The British jury assessed the commercial importance of the proposition at a farthing, but to lovers of art it remains one of the deep unanswered problems of the universe.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

THE DELIGHTS OF A READER

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

I HAVE been asked to write down the story of my first delight in books.

I cannot now remember what book first delighted me, nor the names of those half-dozen books, prose, and verse, which were pleasant to my early childhood; but I know that when I was about seven years old, I read, or partly read, two books, which made deep impressions on me. One of these books I read through many times and remember clearly. The other, which I never read through and the name of which I do not remember, stays in my mind as a picture. Perhaps the following account of a part of it may help some reader to name for me both story and writer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As far as I can recollect, that part of the story which I read was printed in some periodical. I cannot remember the size of the periodical, but think that it was somewhere between the sizes of, say, *Tit-Bits* and the *Field*. I think that the periodical had no cover, but each number had a front page half filled with a title (now forgotten) and an illustration, engraved in some way. These decorations were crude, but sufficient to the mind of a child, which brings to all works of art more than enough to compensate for any lack in the artists.

In that part of the story which I remember, a man and a woman were alone together in a wild part of the United States. Whether they were married, in love with each other, fond of each other, indifferent to each other, or deadly enemies I cannot recollect, but hope for the best. Like Mr. Hardy's old corporal, I can say,

> That's not my affair.
> They *were* at Valenciennes.

I believe, and believed then, that they were lovers.

In the story they came to a deserted town. It was a town which had sprung up and flourished about an oil-spring. Then the oil-spring had suddenly dried up, and the people had gone, leaving the town to decay. Somewhere above the town was the lake or reservoir which had once held the oil. Since the people had gone this lake had filled again. It was full when the man and woman arrived.

The idea of a deserted town thrills the mind of a child. Most children love the thought that at midnight their toys come to life and live a life of their own for some hours, and perhaps creep out like the cats, in the dark, to wander in the streets deserted by men. The thought of the still streets, with the blinds all drawn and nobody there to see, except perhaps a ghost or so, is moving. Much more moving, and less uncanny, is the thought of a town deserted, then, by daylight. The castle of the Sleeping Beauty, peopled by sleepers, is a pleasant invention. Here in this story was a town peopled by nobody, yet with all the signs of life; the shops open perhaps, with their walls of biscuit tins and plate glass cylinders full of sugar plums; the doors swinging in the wind; the cats creeping about; the beds in the bedrooms just as they were left, with the dents of vanished heads still in the pillows.

In my mind, I entered into that still town, and lived there. For many days, in my spare time, I was a citizen in those streets, saying to myself, 'The people have not gone. They will soon be coming back. They must be at a circus, or at some show, a menagerie, or waxworks; or perhaps it is a fair day.' Then I would listen to myself, but would hear no steam organ, no shouting, no noise of cattle, nor the faint roaring, mixed with music and with shots and cracks and some voice louder than all, that is the breathing of a fair. All in those streets was silent, save for the wind, the creaking doors, the rattling windows, and the ticking of the clock. For in my mind in that town in some church or clock tower there was a clock that had been wound up before the people left. Perhaps the winder, before he left, had gone up into the clock-tower, among the jackdaws, with the thought, 'This clock shall go long after we are all gone,' and had wound the clock to go for months. Then he had gone down the stairs in the dark, carrying his keys, and had locked up the tower and gone home to fetch his bundle before starting off with the rest. Now that all were gone this clock still told the hours with an awe, as though a heart should be in a dead man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have forgotten what perplexities came to the couple while in the deserted town. Probably I never knew nor cared to what depths and heights they sank and soared. I remember only that when they had been there some little time the people of the town returned suddenly in their multitudes (some of them, I think, carried bags), having heard somehow that the oil had begun to flow again. In Lord Tennyson's 'Maud' the lady's brother suddenly returns as an interruption to the dreams of the lover. I think that the lovers in this old story probably paraphrased Lord Tennyson on this occasion:

> The inhabitants have come back to-night,
> Thus breaking up our dream of delight.

What moved in their minds I cannot now recollect, if I ever knew, but their minds moved. What he did is dark to me, but what she did is memorable. She went to the lake of oil armed with a spade and the means of making fire. Writers usually write of 'torches.' Let us suppose that she carried a 'torch' and a box of matches.

The lake or reservoir of oil was above the town. At the edge of the lake was a rim or dyke to keep the oil in its place. There may have been a sluice somewhere to let it out on occasion. The lady swiftly dug a gap in the dyke or rim, so that the black, sluggish stream might gush downward; then, lighting her torch, she flung it into the lake, so that the oil caught fire. It moved toward the town in a stream of flame. I think that the story must have ended here. Looking back upon the matter it seems an effective curtain. As Blake wisely says, 'Enough, or too much.' Anything more would have been anti-climax. She and the tale passed out thus against this background of moving fire that was to bring destruction, I presume, upon those who ran counter to the schemes of lovers.

Once I told the story to a man deeply read in Victorian romance, hoping that he could tell me what the story is and the name of its writer. He did not know, but he was shocked by the lady's action. 'What a wicked woman,' he said.

That had never occurred to me as a child. It seemed to me, then, that her act was an act of poetry, a *beau geste*, like Cleopatra's drinking of the pearls or Samson's pulling down of the temple. In any case I cannot condemn her, partly because the image of her was for long a pleasure to me, partly because I have no glimmering of a knowledge of what her motive may have been, nor of the fruit her action bore. 'It shall suffice that she was born and lived for my delight.'

My other memory of an early delight in reading dates from the same time in my life. Like the Eve of St. Mark, 'upon a Sabbath eve it fell'; some Sunday evening in May or June when I was about seven years old. I was alone in an old room. Everybody had gone to evening service, or had gone away from me to supper or to walk. I was routing through old bound volumes of *All the Year Round* and *Chambers's Journal*, in both of which a little boy could find enough ghost stories to make bedtime terrible. I had not long been free of those shelves of books. They were not yet explored; but first peepings opened doors into fairyland. There was a tale of a phantom coach (full of ghosts) which sometimes stopped to pick up living people; there was a tale in which the hero put a cross on a mountain top and then fell down a precipice (it was not the *Master Builder*, but 'fearfully thrilling' in something the same way); and there was a tale of a duel by moonlight, and another of a clanging bed, which clanged its top down on the sleeper so that he never woke.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On this Sunday evening while looking through *Chambers's Journal* I came upon chapters of a serial called 'The War Trail,' by Captain Mayne Reid. Glimpses of it showed that it was no ordinary tale. The tales of the ghosts, the precipice, the duel, and the clanging bed were full of images of power and of terror, but in this tale, 'The War Trail,' a man was writing of real life, out of a great experience, with what then seemed to me to be the intensest color. I turned to the beginning of the story and read the opening chapter, or rather the prelude to the symphony.

> Land of the Nopal and Maguey — home of Montezuma and Malinché, I cannot wring thy memories from my heart. Years may roll on, hand wax weak. . . . and so forth, but never can I forget thee.

The first paragraph vanquished me. I read on and on till bedtime, reading every word, whether I understood it or not, because of the color and strangeness which seemed to come with each word into the mind. I read as far as the twelfth chapter that night; the next day I read on in all spare moments till I had finished it. Then I began again upon it, and afterwards recommenced upon particular bits, the adventure with the prairie fire, the stalking of Moro by the grizzly bear, and the last adventure of the hero, the entering into the Indian camp in disguise.

Boys like books that open their horizons. Nowadays the books they love are about aeroplanes and airships, 'wind-shouldering airships,' from which the earth looks like a mouldy chess board. We had not that freedom in the past. Then the great plain of Texas was the horizon, the fenceless plain, over which Mangas Coloradas still rode with his troop to take the scalps of the paleface.

[*The New Statesman*]

THE DEATH OF ST. MARTIN

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

Where the River Loire runs shallow over its broad bed, broken by willowed banks of sand that stand above the summer stream and are in winter spates drowned up to their topmost branches; where it goes between sharp, low, green hills, on either side full of caves that are a habitation for men — all down its valley by Tours there was a murmuring and a noise. It was November, and there were storms in the valley. The suddenly-risen water drummed against the wooden piles of the long bridge and was swirling brown and thick up to the lower branches of the trees on the islands. Nor could a boat go easily against it, though towed by strong horses.

Men were passing backward and forward to the north and to the south over that long bridge of trestles from Tours the town — Tours with low roofs of spread red tiles to the caves upon the further shore where was a hive of monks, the monks all out of their cells to-day, eagerly catching the news in the market-place. The very old man, Martin, the Bishop of the city, was dying at Candes, miles away up river. He had not been able to come back to his own.

He was more than a king here, for he was also an ambassador of Heaven, and when he had gone along the streets muttering to himself and blessing rapidly those who knelt before him, the people felt that they had met something not only a man. The Emperor's Count who took the Pleas was small before him. The city held to him, and it was his own.

These walls of Tours were filled not only with his long presence, but with the stories, grown greater through days

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of pilgrimage, of his strange missions into the Eastern Woods — into the Morvan and the dark Vosges; of dead men risen, and of lights seen in the sky. Also the army remembered him, because he had been a soldier. The quarters outside the walls told tales of him, the cantonments where the huts of the barbaric soldiers were, and whence passed into and out of the gates of the city the gentlemen, their officers, and the chieftains their rulers, marked upon their armor with silver and with gold. There were both songs and stories of how Martin fifty years before had ridden at the head of a column in his purple cloak, and those who had visited the German mountains and his father's valley by the Danube, could remember the portents of his birth.

Up there at Candes, Martin in his old age was dying, with some priests about him and the monks of a new house. He lay stretched upon a bed of reeds, still muttering to himself in a sort of sleep, the very old man; they watched for his passing as they stood around, and it seemed to them as though Heaven was leaning and touching earth to make a way for the ascent of his spirit. All the Church of Gaul was centred here in his starved and broken body and three full generations which had seen Gaul changed from the Pagan to the Christian thing. He still muttered faintly to himself upon his bed of reeds.

Within his closed mind, which no longer received the voices of this world, there passed great dreams or memories; his perpetual wandering over the earth in the pursuit of his Lord filled Martin now as he lay dying. He saw landscape after vivid landscape in which he stood outside himself, and perceived himself as a figure in the midst and remembered all his time.

He felt, as his mind so wandered, a strong horse beneath him, and he was upon that very straight western road which came up to the western gate of Amiens, striking from the Beauvaisis. He was a young soldier. He was not much more than a boy. Against the metal scales of his jerkin the sword hilt tinkled as he rode; the air was keen with winter; there were dark clouds over the east and a great menace of snow. The rolling upland was bare right up to the brick wall of the city. He saw the half-round bastions and a gate between. His mount moved impatiently through the biting wind. And as he went he saw crouching at the gate of the city that Beggar Man the memory of whose eyes had glorified his life thenceforward. He remembered the look, and how, with shame, but compelled by a fire within him, and looking up to watch whether the guard had noted an officer's folly, he had quickly cut his coat with his sword and thrown the fragment of warmth down to the half-naked man. He saw, he saw, the eyes still following him through the gate not only with gratitude, not only with benediction, but also with transfiguration. Now he was riding on into the town, ashamed in his mangled accoutrement, hiding the ludicrous short coat as best he could with his left bridle arm, but still thinking of those eyes. And Martin, lying there dying after nearly sixty years, murmured so that men around him could hear the words: 'It was the Lord! Martin, it was the Lord!'

Next, he was in the deep woods of the Aeduans, high up in the hills, three days and more from posting houses and from stone roads. The forest was damp all about him. He was in a clearing with two priests, his companions. And the wilder men of the hills were watching him sullenly while he broke their uncouth idol with an axe and preached to them the living God. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as he watched them he doubted their mood, and as he went back down the hills he feared their following him. Even the chief whom he had baptized he feared. Then all those trees quite faded, and he was in a place where the magnificence of the Emperor shone: a huge figure, too strong and squat, with a bull neck corded and the heavy flushed face of exaggerated command. And he saw standing richly clothed amid a group of clients the dark, eager, furtive, not sane, face of Priscillian; he, Martin, pleaded for the life of that Spanish man.

Lying so in his weakness and dying, the Bishop's lips tried to frame the cry which came but as a whisper, though a whisper shrill within the soul: 'The Church will have no blood! Priscillian also is a Bishop! The Church will have no blood!' And again he stood in the forum outside the palace wall at Treves, standing ashamed and with bent head, defeated, while the crowd came laughing and jostling by from the execution of the magician of Spain. He stood there alone and balked, knowing that Priscillian's blood had been shed and that he had been powerless.

Next, time rolled back within him and he was but just free of his uniform, still so very young and full of his first fervors. Behind him were high mountains blending white with snow against the Italian sky, and about him the meres, the ditches, the reeds, the low lines of trees, and the hot noon of Lombardy. The wide imperial road ran right before him for a mile and more. He limped along it to where, at the end of his long and lonely journey, were the splendors, the high colonnades, and the clangor of Milan. And even as he went wholly bound up within himself and considering his mission from the Lord, he felt again that great fear which is not of this world and which some say stands at the threshold of every death. His heart began to faint in him, and his thews were loosened so that he could hardly stand. There was evil all around, and that awful presence of the pit. . . .

Martin, the very old Bishop, groaned in his dream and turned upon the reeds whereon he lay, so that the priests about him thought his agony had come. Within his mind he was still upon that Milan road, and still the oppression of evil grew, and still the dreadful mastery of the abyss and of things condemned.

Then he heard once more right through him in its deep tones as he had heard it then, in his boyhood, the challenge of Hell, bidding him answer whither he was bound and what business he purposed to do. Martin, as he lay there dying, was again himself of those days, and found himself answering again from within: 'O thou Foul Beast! I go to do the work of my Lord.' And again the mortal cold seized him everywhere as he felt vibrating through his being, not heard by mortal ears, the mighty challenge of the receding ghost: 'Martin, I will thwart you every way, and I will defeat you in the end.'

The despairs seized him even as that Lombard landscape faded within his closed mind. He came back to age. He was in the article of death. He had opened his eyes.

The old man raised himself upon one elbow a little and stared all about. He saw the room and the priests about him; one moved forward as though to touch him, but the others held him back. A young man but lately tonsured, an Angevin from the Valley, said with sobs: 'Oh, my Father, do you not know me?'

Martin, seeing that young face, smiled for a moment, but outwards

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only, for within the terror had returned. Though he now saw real men and the very walls of the stone room wherein he lay, and the true sky beyond the open arches, a November northern sky of driving cloud, yet was he still in the presence of that Terror. He called out in a loud voice challenging it: 'Thou Foul Beast! I say to thee again, Thou Foul Beast! What power hast thou over me? I have faithfully served my Lord, and I have done many and wonderful things for Him.'

When the old man had said this so loudly, and while those about him were drawing back, many crossed themselves, feeling a combat of great power passing before them. They saw their father lose all restraint of terror, and his limbs relax, and the falling upon his face of an awful dignity, which at the last relapsed into a stern, but conquering, smile. Next he lay backward and was dead.

That evening they watched and at the turn of the night said Mass, and they absolved the body laid out upon a bier before the Altar, and surrounded as custom is with lights.

When the morning came they put the body of Martin upon a boat draped with hangings, as fitted the greatness of the man, of his office, and of all the evangelization of the Gauls. Certain skilful men having been chosen from among the River people to guide the boat over the turning of the flood water, they brought it down to Tours, and there they buried him amid a great concourse of the people, and all his monks were there, lamenting him from the caves beyond the River. Then, when some years had passed, the devotion of his successors built a little chapel over that famous grave, and a Bishop from foreign parts sent a sculptured marble for the tomb, and later still another church was raised in memory of the Apostle.

And one hundred years, and another hundred years, and another went by to the added glory of his tomb until a thousand years had passed. Then enemies came and ruined it. And when it had risen again in splendor above him the enemies came again, after another two hundred years, and ruined it again, leaving it all desolate and bare walls. At last only two towers stood of what had been his shrine. But for the third time, and that in our day, men built up the shrine again, and there it is as you may see it if you go to Tours. And so it will be perhaps for many lives of men to come, the church rising and falling, and the tomb of Martin continuing in the midst.

[*The English Review*]

WOMEN AND THE WORLD FUTURE

BY CICELY HAMILTON

VERY few, I imagine, will contradict the statement that our present civilization can be saved to the world only by an effort of mankind. That effort will have to be both strenuous and patient; and to its making must go something more than good will — the utmost intelligence of humanity. We cannot afford to leave idle and derelict any force that may control — however slightly — the impulse to destroy which is the natural expression of the mass-mind stirred to emotion. Half a dozen years of mass-emotion and mass-action have laid great part of Europe in ruins and shaken the foundations whereon human society is builded — and the process of destruction appears likely to renew itself indefinitely. The 'vicious circle' is not confined to wages and the cost of living; politics, internal and international, consist largely in the organization and counter-organization of mass-emotion — that is to say, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the welding of explosive material into efficient fighting machines. All organizations are fighting machines; and, so far, our only method of dealing with the tyranny of one variety is to set up another against it — produce bellicose Labor as a check on bellicose Nationality. . . . The real problem, perhaps, being how to disorganize the mind of humanity; how induce it to tear off its labels, forgo its destructive mass-action, think constructively and not to order.

Be that as it may, it is clear that Society in peril from its own destructive impulses has a right to expect some help from that section of humanity which, because it bears children — gives life — should esteem life highly, hold bloodshed and slaughter in abhorrence. The direct influence of the mother of men — so at least we were told in days gone by — would make for the peace of the world. There was a 'protective instinct' much talked about at one time . . . and which, so far, has been curiously inactive — ineffectual and modestly silent. The woman pacifist, for instance, would seem, for the most part, to be a replica of her male colleague; as good a fighter, and with little indication of a point of view that in any way differs from his. Hardly in one have I come across a trace of the difference that must exist between the outlook and attitude of the man who hates war, and the woman; the difference, that is to say, between the outlook of the born non-combatant and of one who is potentially a fighter. How the difference might express itself is another question; but it exists and would find expression if women were more honest with themselves. . . . Those who belong to the fighting half of humanity have the right, if they will, to belittle the emotion which impels their fellows to offer their lives for a cause; but if the protective instinct, the sense of the supreme value of life, were a reality in woman — an effective reality — their opposition to war would come from a different motive; it would come from a sense of the splendor of the sacrifice and the unworthiness of society — their own unworthiness — to accept it. Opposition so motived might be no more successful than previous efforts to quell and master the indomitable fighting spirit; but at least it would be something new in the history of pacifism. And it would have this merit; it would be founded in humility, not arrogance.

Neither man nor society in general has any right to expect from those who are new to public interests and habits of thought a sudden and definite lead on matters which have torn and perplexed humanity since humanity existed upon earth; but what we have a right to expect is a stirring of heart among women in the face of a world catastrophe with, as its natural result, anxiety for the future, inquiry, the quickening of imagination — and a casting about for ways and means of ensuring the safety of the generation to come. Which, with time, and experiment — and preliminary failure — might mean help. . . . That is all we should expect, so far; but we have a right to expect that.

There were not many signs of it during the war; and it may be that much of the routine and organizing work done by women was done all the better by reason of a narrow outlook, a capacity for interesting themselves only in the business in hand, for putting the war aside while they worked at their important little bit of it. Lack of imagination has its very practical uses; there are times when it is advisable to take short views and live from day to day. Where the reverse side of the quality showed itself was in the frequent inability to realize suffering

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at a distance, the persistent 'business as usual' attitude in the matter of extreme femininity. One of the minor phenomena of the war was a rapid deterioration of the journals devoted to women's interests, where an outburst of baby-talk concerning 'undies' and flirtations was a curious commentary on the filth and flame of the trenches. If the mass of our countrywomen had been even slightly imaginative they would have regarded it as an insult to the dead, and the living who had lost them, that an evening paper, when the war was at its fiercest, should tuck into small print at the end of a column the announcement that so many hundred names had appeared on the day's Roll of Honor — and devote the rest of the page to an article extolling monkey-fur as a means of feminine adornment. No doubt the evening paper knew its feminine public — and knew that it was not imaginative. Had the protective instinct, the sense of the sacredness of life, been a vital factor in the average Englishwoman, the editor of the journal in question, as a mere matter of business, would have given more importance to the roll of the dead and less to the charms of monkey-fur.

The tradition of centuries is not broken and cast off in a year or two; and the persistent indifference of women, as a class, to the happenings that do not immediately concern them is the natural result of the age-long tradition which barred them from interests that were not narrow and domestic. It is an indifference not confined to the women of any one race; as I learned in Cologne, in the Hauptstrasse, on the day the news came through of the sinking of the German fleet at Scapa. The newsboys shouted it wildly as 'Heroism of our Navy — Destruction of the Whole German Fleet!'— and men rushed and struggled to grab at their wares, and thanked God aloud as they read. . . . Yet of all the many women who were shopping and strolling in the Hauptstrasse only one bought a paper — myself. I stood for nearly ten minutes and watched — and so long as I stood no German woman had a penny to spend on the news. I should have thought it stranger if I had not remembered how few of the British women I knew in France ever troubled about the communiqués — even when the outlook was blackest, in the March retreat of 'eighteen.

The reading of newspapers is neither a guaranty of intelligence, nor a proof of imagination; but there is something almost terrifying in the thought of a concentration on personal surroundings so complete that it quenches interest — even curiosity — concerning the agony of thousands. A protective feminine instinct that cannot be stirred to the expenditure of a copper and a minute of time in order to ascertain whether men have perished with their sunken fleet or an army is still at death grips — a protective instinct so limited must be limited also in its workings.

In view of the progress of scientific destruction, it is no exaggeration to say that the continued existence of a civilized world depends on the introduction into the counsels and dealings of humanity of an influence that will make for peace. It has been claimed that woman in politics will provide such an influence; but it is as yet too early to say that the process of organization, inseparable from politics, will not act upon her as it acts upon her brother. Can she form part of the political fighting machine, the national fighting machine, the class fighting machine — and restrain herself and her organization from fighting? Is she temperamentally a non-combatant? Or is she a non-combatant only because she has not hitherto been subjected to the organizing, combative in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fluence — been carried away by that sense of membership which, where men are concerned, puts arms into the hands of the gentlest? Is she peaceful only because she is unorganized, without sense of fellowship and membership, indifferent to the public interest? And will she become crowd-conscious, respond, like the crowd-conscious man, most readily to the stimulus of hate? So far in the world's history the only method of holding men firmly and actively together has been by providing them with something to hate and attack; the common hatred is the bond that unites man and man. Out of the need for the common hatred have been fought innumerable wars. . . . Can cause or community hold together without it? On the answer to that question may depend the existence of our world.

Man, so far, has found no difficulty in combining his private gentleness and honor with his public hatreds and injustice. He accepts and practises a double standard of morality — his own, the standard of the decent individual and the lower morals of the crowd-life. As an individual he will keep his lips clean from slander; as a Liberal, Unionist, or Labor man he will read with approval when his morning paper distorts the motives of a leader on the opposite side. As an individual the shedding of blood is forbidden him; as member of a commonwealth the shedding of blood may mean to him a sacred duty. The conscience of the organization — be it nation, church, or class — is always below that of the average decent individual; the collective being, of whatever type, tends naturally to jungle law. For the simple reason that its own advantage is its aim and its highest good; altruism has hardly entered into the ethics of the self-conscious crowd. It makes demands upon the altruism of its members — and thereby stills their consciences; but, itself, it is purely egoistic. Therefore, when man, the individual, resigns himself to the influence of the crowd-life, he accepts, unwittingly, the standard of an entity whose morals are primitive and brutal. . . . And, whatever we may hope, we have no right to demand that the sense of membership should not act on woman as it has acted on man; that she should not accept and practise his double standard of morality; that she in her crowd-life should not react — as he reacts — to the destructive stimulus of hatred.

If she does not, it will be because the protective instinct is a reality; strong enough in the generality of women to overcome the demoralizing tendencies of the crowd-life with its undeveloped morality and ultimate resort to club law. It may be that aggression and hatred are permanent and ineradicable factors in the communal life of mankind, that an essential feature of comradeship is the knowledge that others are not comrades — that fellowship must be balanced by enmity. It may be that the raising of the standard of crowd-morality would mean that the permanent combative instinct must seek its outlet elsewhere — in the life of the individual. But, at least, an experiment is worth trying; must be tried if humanity is to hold on to civilization.

If the protective instinct in women is to be made effective, it can only be through a development of the imaginative faculty; that is to say, through a realization of what the crowd-impulse uncontrolled will mean to themselves and their children. In the way of starvation by blockade — as the weapon of nation or class; in the way of scientific destruction — sheer massacre at the hands of the chemist. There are object lessons enough to their hand to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help them to realization. . . . And, having realized, they will know two things which it greatly imports them to know. That the day of non-combatant immunity in war has passed; and that, so far, no limit has been set to the destructive inventiveness of man. That knowledge may stimulate the protective instinct — if it be a reality in woman.

We, so far, have not been caught systematically in the crowd-life; we can still, as it were, survey it from the point of view of the outsider — and understand something of the pathos of its feverish appeals for 'Union,' 'Solidarity,' 'Brotherhood' . . . which, in the end, are apt to mean one and the same thing — assault upon those who disagree with us. No union stands, no solid phalanx, no band of brothers — which has not found an antagonist. Union of men since the world began has been possible only in the face of, in the fear of, antagonism; hence the need of nations, of 'movements,' of causes to make unto themselves antagonists, the eternal need of political parties to hate. That they might know the joy of fellowship and the uplifting agony of sacrifice, men, in all ages, have hurled themselves upon men.

Is it possible that women, by entering it, can influence and leaven the crowd-life? Not if they enter it blindly, without knowledge of its meaning and tendencies; but it may be yes, if they bring to it an understanding that the real threat to the existence of the world is the striving for union through antagonism. It may be yes, if it is clear to them — because fear of the future has opened their eyes — that in the present stage of industrial and scientific development the process of achieving unity through common hatred is a process that must end not only in the break-up of our social system, but in the reduction of human beings, now civilized, to starvation and utter barbarism. . . . Otherwise we, too, shall be swept into the vortex of common hatred and collective egoism, to seek restlessly for the ideal that promises unity — the terrible ideal, the battle cry that justifies bloodshed.

That we can be so swept into the vortex is obvious; the militant suffrage campaign in England is evidence of the swiftness with which women, like men, can adapt themselves to the moral standard of the collective being, can cast their offerings of personal self-sacrifice upon the altar of a god that knows not altruism. It may be that we are no more capable than our brothers of withstanding the influence of the life collective, egoistic; that it is only our indifference to the public interest that has hitherto preserved us from that influence. If so, the protective influence of women will not count for much in politics. We shall continue to denounce war — unimaginatively; making much ado about standing armies and encouraging the combative spirit in those who dislike them. Treating the symptoms and ignoring the disease. Congratulating ourselves on a decrease in the number of guns and uniforms, and troubling not at all about the persistent quantity of the combative spirit in man. Manufacturing, encouraging the combative spirit, which, sufficiently fostered, will seek an outlet — whether clad in uniform or not.

At present the only contribution we bring to the peace of the world is the habit of not fighting. That, in itself, is valuable; but in itself it is not enough — it may be, as I have said above, that we are not combative merely because we have not been subjected to the combative influence of the crowd-life. If so — if our virtue is merely negative — it will succumb to the influence of the crowd-life, to its per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sistent need for antagonism. And to us, as to our brothers, the call of the ideal will come to mean a battle cry — and fellowship be bound up with hatred.

What is needed, if our world is to live, is a virtue that is positive, not negative; a virtue stimulated to foresight by the promptings of intelligent fear. All that is permanent has its root not in idealism but in human necessity and a wise apprehension thereof; thus the protective instinct in woman, if it is to be effectual, must be stimulated by dread of the combative, collective spirit, and an understanding of its workings. With Europe in ruins and a world war but two years away, it seems little to ask of those who bear children that they should fear intelligently for themselves and those who come after them.

Yet are there many signs that they fear intelligently? Are there even many signs that they fear?

[*The Spectator*]

DOGS IN WAR *

Colonel Richardson, the well-known authority on dogs, has written a most interesting account of the part played by dogs in the late war. In August 1914, only one sentry dog, an Airedale, was attached to the British army. He went to manœuvres with the 2nd Battalion Norfolk Regiment, accompanied the battalion to France, and was killed by a shell on the Aisne. For many years Colonel Richardson had been studying the use of trained dogs in warfare, and immediately on the outbreak of war had recommended their use to the authorities not only as sentries, but as messengers and in guard and ambulance work. He could get no concerted action taken. A certain number of ambulance dogs were employed by the Red Cross, but it was soon found that the disregard by the Germans of the Red Cross symbol, and the conditions on the Western front generally, made it impossible to continue this work. Later, Colonel Richardson supplied dogs to various officers for messenger, patrol, and sentry work with such satisfactory results that at the request of the War Office he started a War Dog School at Shoeburyness, and very soon there was a regular messenger service organized in France. Sentry dogs were also sent out to Salonica, and a large number of dogs were used for guard duties at munition factories and other vulnerable points at home, thus releasing man power. The special value of dogs as messengers during heavy bombardments is readily obvious:

> Telephones soon become useless and the danger to the human runner is enormous. Added to the difficulties are the shell-holes, the mud, the smoke and gas, and darkness. It is here that the messenger dog is of the greatest assistance. The broken surface of the ground is of small moment to it, as it lightly leaps from point to point. It comes to its duty in the field well broken to shell-fire, and so has no fear. Its sense of direction is as certain at night as in the day, and equally so in mist or fog. Being a smaller and more rapidly-moving object, the danger of its being hit is much less than in the case of a runner, and it is a fact that during the war casualties were extraordinarily low among the messenger dogs, especially when it is taken into consideration that their work was always in the hottest of the fight.

Colonel Richardson reprints some of the reports sent to him:

> On the attack on the Vimy Ridge the dogs were employed with an artillery observation post. All the telephones were broken, and visual signaling was impossible. The dogs were the first to bring through news.

'Jim,' a small cross-bred retriever spaniel, had a reputation for carrying important dispatches 'in wonderful quick time.'

* *British War Dogs.* By Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Richardson. London: Skeffington & Son. 21*s.* net.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On another occasion while in the first line trenches little 'Jim' was instrumental in first giving the warning of gas, due no doubt to his highly sensitive nose; thereupon he was immediately released with the warning to Headquarters, arriving there a little more than three quarters of an hour earlier than the warning given by wire.

'Creamy,' a cream-colored, cross-bred lurcher, 'helped the 3rd Londoners from being cut off on the right of Villers-Bretonneus. She and "Tweed" kept the Battalion in touch with Brigade Headquarters.' 'Tweed,' a Highland sheep-dog, had a fine record. Through a Boche barrage, covering three kilometres in ten minutes, he carried the message: 'Send up reinforcements and small round ammunition.' 'The French were sent up and filled the gaps and straightened out the line, otherwise Amiens would be in the hands of the Germans.' At another time, when with his keeper attached to the 48th Battalion Australians, he helped to spoil German plans by getting through with the message: 'The Germans are preparing for a raid.' 'Tweed' ran as well whether on matters of high strategical importance or more homely affairs. Thus at Passchendaele in 1917 he came through with the useful message: 'Moving forward to-night. Send socks for men and some S.O.S. Lights,' and the 13th R. H.C., as they put on their dry socks, were no doubt full of gratitude to him. 'Boxer,' an Airedale, once having conquered a weakness for old carcases, was very useful. He went over the top with the Kents and brought back important messages. His record was three miles in ten minutes. 'Flash,' a brindle lurcher, did well at Kemmel Hill, where 'the dogs were running belly deep in mud.' 'Paddy,' an Irish terrier, 'never made a mistake during the six months I had him,' writes his proud keeper. 'Paddy' carried a message from H. Q. on Passchendaele nearly to Ypres, a distance of five miles over about three miles of duck-boards, in about twenty-seven minutes. The same journey took runners nearly two hours. Poor 'Rab' staggered back with her message at Kemmel Hill, though hit by a piece of shell and so badly wounded that she died the next day. 'Major'— 'not much to look at — a cross lurcher and deerhound, but a heart of gold'— went forward in an attack, was released with a message asking for help, and covered seventeen kilometres in an hour. We have not space to refer in detail to the valuable work done by sentry and guard dogs at home and abroad, but we must just mention the case of the Airedale who scented the enemy when the night patrol he was with could notice nothing suspicious: 'The officer ordered the men to lie flat. Immediately afterward an enemy patrol passed by, close to them, without noticing. Our patrols then rose noiselessly and captured them all.' And in Egypt when the enemy attacked during a dense mist, the sentry dogs were so quick at scenting the approach that an order was given to fire into the mist. 'When the mist cleared away, large numbers of enemy dead were found.'

In his chapters on training Colonel Richardson gives an interesting analysis of the capacities of the various breeds. Thus for all types of work, that hardy and devoted friend of man, the Airedale, is of great value. But the Highland sheep-dog, though often — like 'Tweed'— highly strung, is excellent; as also are collies, even the 'show variety,' lurchers, deerhounds, and Welsh and Irish terriers. One is not surprised, perhaps, to read that poodles are too light-minded, but lovers of the fox terrier will be disappointed to find that he was 'too fond of play' and could not be induced to take work seriously. Alas! is it possible that his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rollicking high spirits and debonair mien indicate a shallow nature? Any person who has prided himself on the graceful twist of his dog's tail will read with concern that Colonel Richardson 'rarely found a dog with a gaily carried tail, which curved over its back or sideways, of any value. This method of carrying the tail seems to indicate a certain levity of character quite at variance with the serious duties required.' The majority of the dogs required a training of six weeks or two months, and it is most interesting to read of the methods of training and the zest with which the dogs went through it. As with man, competition was a strong educator. The messenger dogs were divided into three classes according to progress:

Sometimes one class would be left in while the others were taken out for work. If the first class, which was the most highly trained, happened to be left in, it was most amusing to watch the indignation and contempt with which the incoming efforts of the lesser trained dogs were greeted by its members. They generally elected to watch the proceedings perched on the top of their kennels, and loud choruses of derision were hurled at the raw recruits. When the turn came afterward for members of the first-class to exhibit their prowess, great was the assumption of superiority and determination to show how much better they could do.

[*The English Review*]

HOW COLLISTER CAME HOME

BY V. QUIRK

He was ten years old when it happened.

He was sitting on the sand at Peel, naked and very wet. He had just been having a swim, and he was drying himself in the sun. His clothes lay on a piece of rock beside him.

He was staring at a sailing ship that lay moored to the quay, and it was then that the enchantment came upon him. For it was more than a desire: it made him forget everything except the need to go on that ship and sail away on her; it blotted out the consciousness of his father and mother, the fact of his childhood, and the thought of the future; it sent a shining to his eyes, and to his lips a small, enraptured smile.

He slipped his clothes on his still wet body, went aboard the ship, and asked the first sailor he came across if a boy were needed.

'Yes,' said the sailor. 'Go to the skipper.'

In twenty minutes the ship set sail. His father's cottage was clearly visible from the ship. Smoke was coming from its chimney like breath from a human body. Within, his mother would be putting the kettle on and laying the table for tea. His father would be smoking, sitting by the fire. The children would be playing on the floor. But he was neither troubled nor afraid. The ship was going smoothly, and beyond him was the sea. It was all just as he had imagined. It seemed as though the blood of all his fisherman ancestors had collected together to flow through his veins and sing there. In a haze he listened to it. The enchantment was still upon him. On his lips was still the enraptured smile. It remained there, even when he was violently shoved forward, and told to find something to do.

Then began for him a time of incredible hardships. He bore them silently at an age when boys are still tucked to bed by their mothers, but he bore them hard. The men, once land was invisible, seemed to forget they had any human relationships, and that the boy, by the very fact of his childhood, was deserving of considera tion. They would not have treated a dog as they treated him. His dreami ness, his submission, and his complete inability to 'answer back' seemed to goad them to cruelty. He was a 'softy!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So many days passed that he lost count of them. He screwed up courage one morning to ask a sailor how much longer they were going to sail.

'Australia,' he growled in reply.

The word told him nothing. More days passed. He began to think they would never see land, and that 'Australia' meant an endless sailing about. He thought of his mother, and ached for her as though he were a child not yet weaned. He thought of all of them, at home, in Peel. He thought and thought of them.

Then one day he heard a sailor refer to Australia as an island. His heart leaped. He pictured his own little island and smiled. Going to Australia, then, would be like going home. When he fell asleep he said, 'Australia,' as though it were a foreign word, which when translated meant home.

At last they reached Australia, landing at Sydney.

'Coming back?' asked the skipper, in his hoarse, gurgling voice that no amount of coughing could ever clear.

The boy hesitated. The thought was presented too suddenly. He had never pictured going back. What would his father do when he saw him? He was a fierce man when he was angry. Once, when he had run away just for a few hours, he had beaten him with a strap.

'Coming back?' shouted the skipper, enraged by his silence.

His dreaminess overcame him. He could n't resist it. He could n't bring words to his tongue. The picture of his father was more vivid than the actual man in front of him. He thought of his father.

'Are y' coming back?' asked the skipper, lowering his voice and coming toward him.

The boy remembered his coming out. No, he could n't go back and bear it again.

He turned and ran from the ship.

Then he walked about the town wondering what to do. He looked in at the shop windows, but could n't face the thought of being an errand boy. The sea drew him. He walked back to the harbor.

A coaster lay at her moorings. He stepped aboard and asked if help were needed. Yes, they wanted someone to peel the potatoes and wash up. He could do both those things. He was taken on.

When he was eighteen he married. She was a woman thirteen years his senior, a big, bluff, laughing creature. She had been made love to by many sailors, but none of them had married her. She wanted to marry. What else could a woman do?

She found Dan Collister easy to manage. They went for a walk one evening when the air was golden and the sky navy blue. He was very easy to manage. She laughed in her sleeve.

With such a woman it was only natural that his happiness was short. Her coarseness tortured him. She made his life muddy. His days were bleak. It came to be that his only comfort lay in the thought of his home, far off in the Irish Sea. Some day he would go there.

After months of trying to do it, he suggested to his wife that they should go to Peel and settle there; he could be a fisherman like his father. His voice was so mild, and his face so impassive that she did not know that the beating of his heart was blinding him, and that he was holding his breath waiting for her answer. It would have made no difference if she had.

She laughed heartily, and told him not to start being a joker so sudden. If he wanted to go he could go by himself, and leave her and the children to starve. And she laughed again. Fancy going away to that bit of an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

island stuck God knew where, when he got on so well, and his money was so good. Though how he got on was a mystery to her. It was a mystery to many. There was nothing of the sailor about him, yet his way of managing a ship was marvelous. He had n't to be told. He just knew. It was genius, that was all. But people do not connect genius with ships, only with the arts.

He never asked her again. He could have left her but not his children. They were like chains binding him. They bound him to Australia. But he longed for the island as other men long for the best beloved woman.

One day, he left the ship in the same way as he had left it hundreds of times before. He walked toward his house as he had walked toward it hundreds of times before. But this time, when he reached the spot where his house should have stood, all that he saw was ashes, heaps of them.

The neighbors told him fearfully, avoiding his eyes, that his house had been burned to the ground and his wife and children with it.

He did n't ask them how it had happened. He did n't speak at all. He only looked down at the ashes, wonderingly. There lay all he possessed. Nothing remained for him now, *but nothing bound him.* He was free. It was a terrible freedom, but it was freedom. He grieved, and he rejoiced. Despair swept over him, but another emotion crept into him and remained. It went to his brain, and settled in his heart. It stirred his very soul. He forgot the coaster of which he had been skipper seven years. He forgot everything but the one fact he was free to go home.

He walked down to the harbor.

There was a ship in. It was bound for Cardiff, not Liverpool, but that did n't matter. He asked the skipper if he wanted a seaman.

'No,' said the skipper. 'Full up.'

Collister stood still, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, and the skipper caught sight of the three legs of Man, tattooed in Indian ink, on his wrist.

'Stop,' he said, 'where are you from?'

'Been in Australia twenty-eight years.'

'But where did you spring from before coming here?'

'Europe.'

'What part?'

'England.'

'What part?'

'The Isle of Man.'

'What part?'

'Peel.'

'What street?'

'Athol Street.'

'What's your name?'

'Collister.'

'Son of Bill Collister that married Mary Cregeen?'

'Yes.'

'Put it there. Jump aboard. There's room for a Manxman.'

When the ship reached Cardiff he left immediately for Liverpool, getting there in the early morning, and walked from the station to the river. He looked for the Manx boat, but there was n't one, so he stood still, waiting. He could have asked when she would come in, but he knew he could n't speak. For eighty miles away was the Isle of Man, and its nearness made him feel faint. He wanted to reach out his arms and touch it. His jaw hung loose and powerless like the jaw of a dying man.

He stood by the river till mid-day, but no boat came in. He had n't eaten for two days, but he did n't look for a restuarant, he did n't want to eat. When night came, and there was still no boat, he did n't look for lodgings because he did n't want to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sleep. He only wanted to wait. The long hours held no boredom.

He spent the night walking up and down by the river. There was no moon, and he could n't see. The river had no smell, but he thought of the smell of the sea at Peel, and he licked his lips as though he were licking the salt from them. It was a cold, bleak night, and, reluctantly, the dawn came. He watched it coming. As soon as there was sufficient light he looked again for the boat. She was in! And her name was Mona, the island's ancient name. Mona! Mona! And only eighty miles away!

He did n't know when she would start, and he still could n't speak to ask. He went aboard and waited again.

At eleven she started. There was n't a soul aboard that he knew, but he did n't mind. He did n't want to know anybody. He did n't look for a cabin, in which he could lie down and sleep; he did n't want to sleep. He did n't go to the buffet to get some food; he did n't want to eat. He only wanted the old island, the old town, the old street, the old house.

All the other people were sitting about in groups. He stood by himself looking out to sea. He knew it would be four hours or more before the island would appear in sight, yet he could n't prevent himself from looking out to sea, he was afraid of missing the first moment when the island would be visible. Yet, when the moment came, he hid his face.

The boat reached Douglas. He walked to the station and took the train for Peel, and reached the old town, found the old street, stood by the old house. He leaned against the wall, gasping for breath. Then he knocked at the door. Perhaps his mother would open it, people live long in Peel. His mother! His head swam.

He knocked again at the door. A very old lady opened it. His wild eyes searched her face. She was not his mother.

'Who lives here?' he said.

'I do.'

'Where are Bill Collister and his wife?'

'Dead.'

'Dead?'

'Come in and have a cup of tea. You're a Manxman, are n't you? I can hear it.'

'Yes. I'm a Manxman. I'm Bill Collister's son.'

'Well, now! Him that ran away a little fellow?'

'Yes, him that ran away.'

'You never wrote to anyone and never sent a message.'

'There was no one to send a message by, and I can't write.'

She was very, very old, but her dim eyes saw his agitation.

'I'll just make you a cup of tea. You'll stay the night?'

'If it's not troubling you, I'll stay the night.'

'Your parents' graves are fine. They're covered with fuchsias.'

'Where are Rob and Tom, and Marget and Jane?'

'Jane's dead. Marget's married in Castletown. Rob and Tom are doing well in Liverpool. Ellen, Ned, and James — you've never seen them, have you? — are all in Manchester.'

'None of them in Peel?'

'No, not one of them. Now, sit down. I'll be five minutes making the tea.'

He drank two cups to please her, and when he went out of the house to go down to the shore, he felt as though the top of his head were moving upwards away from his body.

When he reached the shore he found the spot where he had sat, those years ago, watching the ship. Children were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sitting on it, making a castle. He expected them to greet him, he did n't know why, and moved away awkwardly when they disregarded him. Grown-ups passed him without a word. Their faces were calm. Could n't they see he was Dan Collister come back to Peel? He saw some fishermen mending their boats, and his tongue went dry. Once he had watched his father mending his. Now his grave was covered with fuchsias.

The fishermen laughed and talked together. They did not look at him. They did not shake him by the hand. Yet he was Dan Collister come back to Peel.

Peel itself did not welcome him. There were English visitors everywhere and apartments to let. Peel was like a fishergirl in a smart town frock, awkward, arrogant, and cold. He was shy of her. What would his brothers and sisters say to him, all with their separate interests? He had imagined them still small, playing on the floor; and his mother, still busy, working in the kitchen, holding the youngest baby. There were fuchsias on her grave. He went back to the house, drank more tea to please the old lady, and lay down on the bed she had prepared for him. But he kept his eyes open till everything was still. Then he got up, crept silently downstairs, silently opened the door.

He went to the station, but the last train had gone. So he walked to Douglas. It took him two hours to get there, walking quickly, and toward the end of the journey his breathing became difficult. But he did not look for a place to rest in. He walked straight to the quay — and waited, again. As soon as dawn came he looked for a boat again. It was Mona, again. He boarded her, and went up on deck and stood by himself, again, looking out to sea.

As the boat started an Englishman spoke to him.

'Been home?'

'No.'

'Going home?'

'No.'

'Where are you off to?'

'Australia,' he answered hoarsely.

[*The Outlook*]

A NEW WAR-POET

BY SOLOMON EAGLE

I HAVE heard people discussing lately as to what survives, and is likely to survive, of the great mass of war-poetry. A good deal, I think; as anyone will realize who consults Miss Jacqueline Trotter's *Valour and Vision* (Longmans), the best chosen and most nearly adequate of the war-anthologies. Some good poems (if not many) were written by civilians, and a great many by soldiers. It is a commonplace, and there was nothing surprising in it, that few of the good ones, though many of the bad, were about the war generally, or The Cause. Poetry springs from intense emotion; the war as a great drama awaking that sort of emotion is more likely to stir a poet a hundred years hence who is not distracted from it by human concern about certain lives or deaths or human love for familiar things threatened with loss. Elegies, 'home-thoughts from abroad,' affectionate descriptions of the beauty of earth under the shadow of the guns: most of the good war poems came under these or kindred categories. However strong our convictions, the heart is an unruly thing, and obstinately flies whither it will.

But a certain surprise has been manifested at the comparative absence, in the good war-poetry, of work reflecting the awful spectacle of human suffering at close quarters. Much was written in verse which was intended to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

display, to drive home to the smug, safe man, the appalling horror and cruelty and filth of war. Yet it was almost all (with the exception of some of Mr. Sassoon's work) ephemeral and consequently will fail to preach its lesson to posterity. Either art was lacking, or the powerful emotional (as distinguished from intellectual) impulse which stimulates the imagination to create what will be communicated to the imagination of the reader. Few of the most highly endowed and sensitive of the war-poets allowed themselves more than stray glances (when they were writing) at the abominations through which they had passed. And the reason probably was the instinctive dread of a loss of sanity from too close a brooding over them. Much of the apparent blindness of people at home to what the soldiers were going through was traceable to a similar feeling. Not callousness was behind it, but the knowledge that 'that way madness lies' and that if our minds were suffered to dwell on the evils of the war we should certainly lose the war without having done any good. 'Better not think of it too much' was a counsel for which something was to be said in war time. But peace time is another matter. Mankind has always too easily forgotten; the journalism of horror fades; and even after this war, the legend of glory, 'fun,' and the clean bullet through the brain might recover its hold over the lazy imaginations of men.

But the last — if he is the last — of the war-poets has done what no one else has done so powerfully; and his work will live. Wilfrid Owen (*Poems*. Chatto and Windus, 6*s*.) was killed in the month of the Armistice at the age of twenty-five. One of his poems: 'Strange Meeting,' was published shortly after his death. It is a dream of a meeting beyond the world with the enemy he had killed, and it has an extraordinary sombre, massive power. The beginning illustrated this as well as Owen's strangely effective device of recurrent half-rhymes:

It seemed that out of the battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
Through granites which Titanic wars had groined.
Yet also there encountered sleepers groaned,
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless,
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall;
With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.
'Strange, friend,' I said. 'Here is no cause to mourn.'
'None,' said the other. 'Save the undone years.
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
Was my life also. . . .'

This was taken to be the solitary relic of a fine mind; but now we know that it was one of many. It is difficult to say of any poem in this book that it falls beneath this level. 'Greater Love,' which I refuse to mutilate for quotation, is the most lovely and piteous thing; 'The Show' is a poem as admirable for its clean etched vision as for its spirit; 'Mental Cases' and 'Dulce et Decorum Est' are horrible with a horror that only their art makes bearable. And there is 'Spring Offensive' with its picture of a halt before action, and of the movement over the top:

So, soon they topped the hill, and raced together
Over an open stretch of herb and heather
Exposed. And instantly the whole sky burned
With fury against them; and soft sudden cups
Opened in thousands for their blood; and the green slopes
Chasmed and steepened sheer to infinite space.

Owen steps at once from his obscurity into a place among the unchallengeable poets.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Westminster Gazette*]

THE COUNTRYWOMAN LAMENTS ON RETURNING HOME AFTER THE BURIAL OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

BY ROSIE GRAHAM

The cherry trees that guard our gate
Are clothed in scarlet robes of state
And every day the sun shines through
November's sky to mark their hue.

But you, in English pastures bred,
Will see no more their glory shed
Where you walked out each summer morn
And heard with leaping pulse life's horn.

You sleep, Beloved, in that cold shrine
Whose home was here, whose heart was mine,
And I must weep in this brown field
Where you the scythe and spade did wield.

The petals of the cherry flower
Fell fast and soft in that last hour,
I heard your happy tread fall slow —
You halted, waved, and turned to go.

Oh, 'Killed and Missing,' are they words,
Or poison, flame, and reeking swords?
Needs must the cherry leaves drop red
That saw your spring, that mourn you dead.

I saw through Whitehall by your side
The warriors step in mournful pride,
I saw the tears of thousands fall
On your historic, bloody pall.

But ah! with eyes all bright, my Dear,
I watched the deaf form on the bier —
To-day my heart in hopeless grief
Sees fall the red familiar leaf!

You haunt the garden path, you wait
With exiled face beyond the gate.
A darling voice rings in my ears:
'Bury me here, close to your tears.'
Those cherry trees that guard our gate
They drop your pall, your robe of state!
What though in proud sequestered gloom
You rest — 'tis here, my son, your tomb!

THE AMEND

BY IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS

Oh Loveliness, sweet Joy,
Healeth again
The heart her fluttering Boy
Hath shot with pain.

Her Boy with dart on string,
How fair he seemed —
Such woe that he could bring
Who could have dreamed?

How soft the arrow sang
Through the spring air —
Who could have dreamed the pang
Its voice could bear?

Yet penitent, sweet Joy,
She granteth rest,
To heal her Lad's annoy,
On her own breast.

THE IMAGE

BY RICHARD HUGHES

Quiet the light in your faces: be passionless in the room.
Snuffed are the tapers, and bitterly hang on the flowerless air.
See; and this is the Image of her they will lay in the tomb;
Clear, and waxen, and cooled in the mass of her hair.

Quiet the tears in your voices: feel lightly finger for finger
In love: then see how like is the Image, yet lifelessly fashioned
And painless, calm, unloving — Oh, who is the Artist? — Oh linger
And ponder whither has flitted his Sitter impassioned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1 2 3 4 5 6

THE Chinese character shown above is composed of four simple characters, thus: No. 1 is a character meaning "food" and in turn is composed of the characters No. 2, meaning "union," and No. 3, meaning "the six kinds of grain;" the character for food then being the "union of the grains." The right hand part of the big character, No. 4, means "distress or misery" and in turn is composed of No. 5, a "door partly opened," and No. 6, a "figure in bent position crouching to enter," the entrance being difficult to effect. The big character now becomes "distress or misery in regard to food" and means, taken as a whole, "hunger."

This interesting poster, printed in black on Chinese ceremonial red, is designed for window display. Whether you have subscribed to the China Fund or not, mail $1.00 and secure a poster, then place it in your window to interest and attract the attention of others. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00.

HINA FAMINE FUND
8 Arlington Street, Boston

ENTLEMEN:

Enclosed find $ for copy / copies of the CHINA FAMINE FUND poster.

Name_____ City_____

Street_____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

FOR NEXT WEEK WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

On the Eve of the War, from *Le Temps;* **The Root of the Evil,** from *Vossische Zeitung;* **A Visit to Beethoven,** from *Revue Bleue;* **At Zeligowsky's Headquarters, II,** from *L'Indépendance Belge;* **Two Estimates of Bethmann-Hollweg,** from *Journal des Débats* and *Vossische Zeitung;* **The Cult of the Supernatural,** from *Kölnische Zeitung.*

THE ESPERANTO OF THE ORIENT *By Sara Moffatt Schenck*

ON GIVING UP SMOKING *By Y. Y.*

THE PRIEST'S GHOST: A Story of Ireland
By Rosamond Langbridge

CONCERNING ABRAHAM LINCOLN *By Lord Charnwood*

PEPYS AS AN ART COLLECTOR *By E. Alfred Jones*

OLIVE SCHREINER

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly fill out coupon below.

The Living Age,
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $6.00 for my subscription to THE LIVING AGE for one year, beginning.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....CITY.....

2-2-21

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED